



MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

*Engraved by J. Thomson from a Drawing by the late
G. H. Harlow.*



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THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FORMING
THE POETRY
OF
THE MONTHLY VISITOR,

VOL. I. AND II.

Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.

ARMSTRONG.

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ADDRESS.

A PREFACE would be superfluous in this place. The PARNASSIAN GARLAND, as every one knows who has been a Reader of the Monthly Visitor, forms the poetical department of that work, and is collected into its present shape according to the plan of the Publication. But to those who have contributed to this part of our undertaking, and who are otherwise unconnected with us, we cannot but express, in some degree, a due sense of the obligations which we owe to their independent and ceaseless exertions.

We forbear to particularize names. Those who have thus obliged, and honoured the Proprietors of this Miscellany, must be sufficiently conscious of their labours to take to themselves
that

that kind of reputation which it is impossible even for envy to withhold. We have endeavoured (and we make no merit of the endeavour) to deserve the continuance of their favours.



THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

ODE FOR THE YEAR, 1797.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

O! to his task, the infant year
Comes forth; no boding frown severe
Snows on his brow, but smiling mild,
He seems of dove-ey'd peace the child!
No numbing wand his young hand holds,
No hoary vest his form enfolds,
No angry blasts around him rave:—
The spirit of the storm sleeps in his icy cave,
He sleeps. Still wakes a fiercer far,
His dark brow trench'd with many a scar;
His voice loud as the next-wave's roar,
His sable armour stain'd with gore;
Stern war! his fiery arm the plain
Crimsons with countless legions slain,
While round him famine, dark despair,
And the wild grisly forms of lust and rapine glare,
Frantic each breathless corse he spurns,
His ardent eye with fury burns.
Fear'd by his lurid frowns, the choir
Of weeping virtues sad retire;

VOL. I.

B

Far from the battle's horrid yell,
In peace and solitude to dwell,
Where no lorn widow's tender wail,
No shriek, no dying groan, hangs heavy on the gale.

But, with firm gaze, the deathless muse,
His whirlwind-course indignant views.
Sees him, for conquest and for fame,
Spread wide the wildly-wasting flame;
With lasting infamy the brands
His laurels torn from ravag'd lands;
Then, borne on seraph wings sublime,
She turns from fields of blood, and seeks a milder clime.

How long, alas! must nature mourn
Her fairest works by rude hands torn,
And tremble as the clarion's breath
Commands her sons to deeds of death?
While, red, before her dewy eyes,
The flames from burning hamlets rise,
Where lost her babes the mother stands,
And calls on heav'n for aid, and frenzied wrings her hands.

When shall again, at dawning day,
Wak'd by the shrill lark's matin lay,
In safety o'er the furrow'd soil,
The peasant hasten to his toil;
And, at mild eve his labour done,
Blithe carrol, to the setting sun;
Blest once more in his lowly cot,
To clasp his wife belov'd, each gloomy care forgot?

Soon may ye dawn auspicious hours!
Then bright-ey'd pleasure crown'd with flow'rs,
Shall lead the dance in shady dell;
While feeble age past woes shall tell,
And gain a sigh from pity meek:
Then, rosy love with dimpled-cheek,
His light hair floating round his head,
Shall to the laughing gale his snowy banner spread.

ADDRESS TO POESY.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

HAIL, heavenly maid! thou source of thousand joys!
 Say, can a humble suppliant's untaught voice
 Be heard by thee, where thron'd in vernal bowers
 Of living laurel, near Pierian fount,
 O'er the immortal chords that string thy lyre,
 Thy fingers sweep, and a whole world resounds
 To the vibrations of thy tuneful song?
 Ah! if thine ear can lift a mortal harp,
 Bend now to mine, and with benignant eye
 Smile on my fond request.—Ambitious wish!—
 I ask to catch thy thought-inspiring breath,
 To warble trancing lays resembling thine,
 The soul of love to melt along my line,
 Sigh in each word, and tremble thro' the song:
 I seek the power to touch the gentle heart,
 With bleeding sympathy, and kind concern.—
 O! for such strains as in the early days
 Sighing you breathed into the listening ear
 Of widow'd Orpheus, on the Thracian shore.
 When on his lost Eurydice he call'd
 In sounds, which had they floated on the air
 To Pluto's mansions, had once more recall'd
 Her fleeting spirit! ne'er again to fly!
 O! for such lays, as hopeless Petrarch sung
 In latter times; when on his darken'd soul
 The fun of rapture, and of beauty, set
 In Laura's grave: when 'neath the pitying moon,
 And sighing trees, along the dreary shore,
 He stray'd alone, and pour'd upon the cold,
 The lifeless urn of her, whom *still* he lov'd,
 The burning gush of agonizing tears!—
 Vain, vain the wish; this heart perhaps may feel
 As many woes, as the fond bosoms tore
 Of Orpheus, and of Petrarch; but it ne'er
 Shall sigh its sick soul on the sadden'd wind,
 In tones so touching, so dissolving sweet:
 It ne'er shall call a world's unbounded tear,

With sudden grief, and sympathy refin'd.—
Queen of the human heart, the human mind!
Wilt thou not hear a youthful votary's voice?—
Ah, no! away she turns her frowning face,
And scatters to the wind my useless prayers.
Leave, leave me not for ever sacred muse!
But O! inspire the verse, that sings thy praise;
O! deign to shed upon my lifeless page,
One radiant sparkle from thy kindling eye;
I will no longer ask its *sun* of beams—
No—keep such transport for the happy few
Who at thy side in tender friendship rove,
Thro' wilds romantic, fairy-painted scenes,
Where never yet has foot unhallowed trod,
Where Philomel for ever weeps her griefs
Soft on the woodland's ear; where, never still,
For ever murmurs the poetic stream;
Where youthful zephyr leans his airy head
On summer's musky breast, or leads her o'er
(With flying footsteps) the blue mountain's top—
Where Fame, a huntress clad in sylvan green,
Calls thy lov'd train to speed the noble chase,
Herself the inviter, and herself the game:—
Where amid labyrinths of dewy rose,
Of fragrant myrtles, and of blushing vine,
Young Love! encircled by his fairy band,
His light hair waving on his purple cheek,
His waxen bosom bare, his bow unstrung,
His eye all softness, and his breath all balm,
Leads thro' the mazes of the Lydian dance
The gold-tress'd Psyche, and the Graces three,
With looks in dangerous languor sweetly drest,
And voice tun'd only to deceive and please.
Ah! I shall ne'er be with such friendship blest,
Nor rove thro' shades that hallow ev'ry form—
Yet, while some scanty favours thou wilt grant,
With Fancy I may trace these flow'ry wilds;
For, at *her* word, what magic pageants rise!
Unnumber'd as the light-illumin'd clouds
That float beneath the sun's effulgent ray;
At *her* command along the rushy moor,

The broad lake spreads, and o'er its twilight edge,
Wave the young poplar, and the willow pale,—
Here, rocks ascend, in grand confusion mixed,
O'er whose bold tops, in flowering cistus clad,
Hang bending firs, and firmly-rooted pines;
Where high in air, the godlike eagle sits,
The Agamemnon of the feather'd world.
There as the smiling sorceress waves her wing,
Flows out the smooth Savannah's sunny vest,
Robed in such hues as are alternate seen
On the young turtles gaily-shifting neck.
Here, from the orb of day, meek-flushing, turns
The radiant rose, and bashful hides her charms
In other graces, moss, and vivid leaves—
There, lifts the lily its resplendent head
With conscious dignity, a maiden queen,
She neither seeks, nor shuns, the eye of day.
Fancy can bid the softest zephyr's blow,
Fancy can load them with ten thousand scents,
More sweet than all the spicy breath of Inde;
Her word can make a new creation rise,
And mid deep glooms, and sullen-roaring waves,
(When o'er the scene her magic robe is flung)
She can on sight, on smell, and on the ear,
Pour beauty, balm, and liquid-lulling sounds.
But, ah! the enchantress wants for me the power
To make me dream, I hear *thy* dulcet voice
When prompted by the whispers of my soul,
And sighing love, I wake my simple reed.

THE FADED FLOWER.

AH! lovely, drooping beauty, tell
How sharp has been thy lot,
Since thy sweet-scented charms first fell,
As erst thou deck'dst the knot;
Where many a fragrant flower beside,
Hath blossom'd forth its day;
Wast thou, long time, the village pride,
And shone in colours gay?

But now, those beauties sicken fast
 Before the noon-tide ray;
 And now they whirl before each blast,
 An unresisting prey.

So Myra, blooming, fair, and young,
 Her mother's only care,
 Subdued by Castro's flattering tongue,
 Lies speechless in despair!

London,

EXONIENSIS.

Dec. 11, 1796.

SALVADOR.

AN ELEGY.

YE who repose on virtue's vernal bed,
 Who quaff from fountains of untainted joy,
 On whom the loves their choicest influence shed,
 And whom no pangs of in-bred guilt annoy;

Well may ye stigmatize the coward heart,
 That shrinks from pressures which it cannot bear;
 Well may you execrate the ruthless dart,
 Which black presumption buries in despair!

But, ah, to you the tyranny unknown
 With which conviction grasps a gloomy soul,
 Unfelt by you the agonizing groan
 Which beats to misery's funereal toll.

Ye *calmly* judge of his distracted state,
 Who, wildly supplicates the frost of death,
 To lay the fury of his burning fate,
 And cool his fevers with its icy breath.

Like you, Salvador, once in hope elate,
 Met with new vigour each succeeding day;
 Unfetter'd yet by that reflective grate
 Through which despondence views the solar ray.

But his a parent in whose rigid breast
 Dwelt no compassion for the faults of youth,
 Whose rules preceptive were too oft express'd
 By the stern mandates of un pitying truth.

Nor, thus express, did e'er his parent keep
A father's caution o'er Salvador's way;
But left his feet to dissipation's steep,
And every wile where watchless sense may stray.

Yet had Salvador an ingenuous heart,
That oft revolted at the path he trod,
And oft suspicion bid his steps depart
From scenes where judgment held her poignant rod.

Susceptibility, yet uncongeal'd,
Would too aspire to that invaluable prize,
Which, to integrity alone reveal'd,
For ever shines above yon passing skies.

He felt the billows that enwav'd his mind;
He felt, and struggled for that blissful shore,
Where, leaving each impediment behind,
The weight of sorrow can depress no more!

He vainly struggled—for conflicting sense
Obscur'd the light which consolation held,
And, only retributive providence,
In vengeance clad, his fearful eye beheld.

Yet were the sighs that conscience often knew
For deviations past, not insincere:
His, many a pillow in whose waking dew
Was plainly seen the penitential tear.

For, where the seeds of rectitude are sown,
Increasing years their benefits confess;
And many a prayer re-breath'd to mercy's throne,
Will often soothe the furies of distress.

Thus, in Religion, while affliction saw,
Balms that humanity could never give,
Her faith exalted, and her broken law,
To him, forbid the *hypocrite* to live.

And *such* Salvador deem'd the inconstant fire,
Which now will burn for Revelation's joys,
And now recur to each polluted mire,
That dims its glories and its hope destroys.

Ah—if Salvador knew that vivid flame,
Which erst enlighten'd, then misled his mind,
Now rose to actions of unfulfill'd fame,
Anon, its strength to infamy consign'd.

Sure Virtue's self might drop a pitying tear,
On all the tortures which deform'd his breast;
Sure scrutiny might pass his wretched bier,
And foul asperision let his sorrows rest.

He did—by all the horrors of the deed
That bore his spirit from the light of day;
He did—by all the miseries we read
Breath'd to Eugenius in his parting lay:

TO EUGENIUS.

My best, my earliest, and my latest friend,
Eugenius, this bequeathment oft esteem,
Long, long regard; with this, my cares shall end,
Those cares which break life's ever-restless dream.

Nor blame Salvador that he seeks to quit
A world o'erhung with curtains of dismay,
And plunges in that hospitable pit
Where human-perfidy shall cease to prey.

There, the dark batteries by falsehood play'd,
No more ensanguine nature's fairest clime;
And there each transport expectation made,
Shall cease to bubble on the stream of time.

Yet, know, Eugenius, that I prize in death,
The treasure's borne on friendship's sacred tree;
That I repeat, with my expiring breath,
The num'rous blessings I deriv'd from thee.

And, O! to merit not that kind regard
Which still would chain me to this groaning earth;
For such endearments, mine the base reward
Of vicious pleasure to conspicuous worth.

It must—it shall not be; I'll quit a sphere
Where fyren pleasure lures me to recline,
And while her whispers banish every fear,
Lights up the the torches of destruction's mine.

Weep not for me, Eugenius! I deserve
 No genial streams from virtue's peaceful spring;
 But for their loss thy hallow'd grief reserve,
 Whom dissolution has no power to sting.
 Weep not on earth; for, in that happy state
 Where bright perfection holds eternal day,
 Thou shouldst not weep, though through the hideous gate
 Of deepest woe, I bent my endless way.
 And, should compassion cheer the unknown track
 Through which I wing my everlasting flight,
 Say, would Eugenius wish Salvador back
 To brave the tempests of this wintry night?

R.

SONNETS.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

TO MY LYRE.

THOUGH from thy strings, O Lyre! no seraph strain,
 My weak hand calls to charm the list'ning ear,
 Thy mournful tones, though pleasure may disdain,
 Yet, still, thy grateful master holds thee dear;
 For oft, when deepest melancholy drear,
 Half exiles trembling reason from my brain,
 When every nerve throbs with the keenest pain,
 Soon, at thy soothing voice! the forms severe
 Of dark despair, and anguish disappear;
 And peace, and hope, their angel smiles restore.
 If those I love shall shed one tender tear
 When thy sad master wakes thy chords no more,
 When the cold sod enwraps his woe-worn breast;
 Thy strings, my lyre, have not in vain been press'd!

TO MIRANDA.

ICANNOT feel my heart with anguish torn,
 Yet stifle in their birth my mournful sighs;
 Of those I love, I cannot view the scorn,
 Yet bid the tear not dim my aching eyes.

Vain thought! the breast that keenest sorrows rend,
 Will mourn th' influence of oppressive ill.
 O thou—for sure, I yet may call thee friend!
 Why dost thou help my cup of woe to fill?

Had the dark hydra Vice enroll'd my name
 Among the countless myriads of her host,
 I, then, oppress'd by mingled grief and shame,
 Had own'd Miranda's friendship justly lost;
 Had, silent, sunk beneath deserv'd disdain!
 Nor told to mortal ear my throbbing bosom's pain.

TO MIRANDA.

SCARCE with more perfect or more pure delight,
 The countless host of heaven's assembled choir
 Saw the rude anarch Chaos speed his flight,
 Scar'd by the new-born sun's effulgent fire:
 When each glad seraph the harmonious lyre
 Rejoicing wak'd, as from the deepest night,
 Unnumber'd systems burst at once to light,
 At the dread fiat of th' Eternal Sire!
 Scarce with more bliss, (if mortal may aspire
 Thus high) the rapt strain on th' ambrosial gale,
 They pour'd; than I, the prey of sorrow dire,
 The sweet assurance of thy friendship hail.
 Fair star! may still thy animating ray,
 Gild the sad gloom that clouds life's weary way!

TO WINTER.

LET happy mortals, love the gaudy blooms
 That deck the bosom of the laughing spring,
 And, fann'd by her warm breath, profusely fling
 To the young gale their delicate perfumes;
 Stern, rugged winter—thy congenial glooms,
 A mournful pleasure to the sad heart bring,
 Where pale despondence spreads her lurid wing,
 Which fate severe, to ceaseless sorrow dooms.
 It loves, than all the vernal pride, much more
 Thy storms wild howling through the forest bare;
 Thy driving snows the plains that mantle o'er;
 Thy chilling mists, that dim the burden'd air;
 Sad nature seems her sorrows to deplore,
 And sympathetic feels the soul's despair.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

DECEMBER 31, 1796.

REGARD, my friend, this genuine strain
From friendship's artless lyre,
Which, to thy virtues justly due,
Thy virtues shall inspire.

Nor think the world-illumin'd blaze
Of valour's dread renown,
Nor all the steps ambition strides
To gain his lofty crown,

Alone demand the glowing song
Of everlasting fame:
The same bright energies are fann'd
By feeling's gentler flame.

Love, sensibility divine!
Are dearer to the heart;
And, than the deeds of glory, far
A happier strength impart.

One upright, sympathetic soul,
Th' *inglorious* muse can prize,
Above the chief whose thunders brave
The thunder of the skies!

And if that upright soul be thine,
And I—th' *inglorious* muse,
This simple tribute friendship gives,
Will Davison refuse!

O.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF LOUISA.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

SLEEP, sweet Louisa, calmly rest,
Thy toilsome task of life is o'er;
Thy tender, spotless, love-lorn breast,
The hand of woe shall harm no more.

What though no whisper of complaint,
No loud lament for lost repose,
No passion wild, fair suffering saint!
Told the sad story of thy woes.

Full oft I pitying heard the sighs
That spoke the anguish of thy soul;
Oft mark'd how from thy starry eyes,
Frequent the tear expressive stole.

Fast from thy cheek the roses fled,
By the chill touch of pale-grief driv'n;
Till, meek, resign'd, devoid of dread,
Thy spirit sought its native heav'n!

O, *now* with fadeless glory crown'd!
The prey no more of pains severe:
Lov'd friend!—if yet the soothing sound
Of mortal praise may meet thine ear—

One moment quit thy sister train,
From thy bright, blissful mansion, bend;
Approving, hear this plaintive strain
Of him who fondly call'd thee friend.

In ev'ry tender breast enshrin'd,
Long shall thy sweet remembrance dwell;
Those woes which thee to earth consign'd,
Shall those who lov'd thee often tell.

Each maid, each youth, of love the slave,
Shall sigh for one to love so true!
And bending o'er thy early grave,
The cold-sod with a tear bedew!

No noxious weed, no prickly thorn,
Shall o'er thy sacred ashes creep;
But still shall sweetest flow'rs adorn
The narrow spot—where sweet they sleep,

There, he, who mourns thy shorten'd date,
Ling'ring at dewy-even, alone,
Shall sighing, chide his wayward fate,
And wish thy calm rest were his own!

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF ALBION.

BY P. COURTIER.

IS there a State, whose valiant brow
 Speaks not the pressure of decay?
 Who, borne on Glory's fearless prow,
 Pursues her undisputed way,
 And, smiling still, with energy sublime,
 Mocks the wide waste of earth-devouring Time?
 There is—For, “ramparted around”
 By Ocean's everlasting mound,
 Full many an age has Britain stood
 Encircled by her parent-flood;
 Disdainful spurn'd the guileful yoke
 Of foreign manners, foreign laws;
 Those, though she oft consents to wear,
 She wears unknown to self-applause;
 These, her high temper scorns to bear:
 And let the wild incautious foe
 Insult her with his frenzied lore,
 Her patriot sons infuriate blow
 The vengeful trump; and, from her shore,
 On mountains of their native oak,
 In deathful-majesty they ride;
 While conquest swells th' impetuous tide.
 Such was the day, when humbled Spain,
 Her vaunting crest by Victory torn,
 Saw, on the speed-exulting main,
 Her shame to distant kingdoms borne.
 The cloud-portending skies,
 The angry tempest, whose tumultuous song
 Seem'd as great Nature's dirge, advise
 Unheard. The blood-inspired throng,
 By Ruin nerv'd, to ruin bend their way.
 Past is the elemental strife;
 Their purpose fires anew;
 Madly they urge, where slaughter rife,
 Taunts, with defeat, their gasping view,
 And Death, and foul Disgrace, impale Life's setting day!

Genius of ALBION ! while thy temper'd soul
Sought but the honours of a just controul
O'er thy embattled foes ;
The chain, the pestilence, the woes
Which Malice, for thy welfare spread,
Enwrap't his own insidious head :
Then, stern-eyed desolating War,
By Justice drawn, his burning car
Charg'd at thy mandate, caught thy breath,
And scatter'd wide the fumes of Death !

Still let the spirit of emprise

Breathe in each grand, each useful art,
Spread the full pendant to the skies,

As from thy coast thy ships depart
Fraught with scientific stores,
To gild the gloom of savage shores :

There, extend the liberal hand,
And raise to life a mighty land ;
Who to distant days shall tell,

Glowing with the genial flame,
To us, in Friendship's holy spell,

Free-born Truth with Britons came !

Nor never, Britain, never more,

Thy fingers strong in human gore,

Reduce the free, unpractis'd soul,

To gulp the dregs of Slavery's bowl !

If Justice wakes thy boundless strength,

And bid the sword unsheath its direful length,

Then, on the Plunderers of the Earth,

Hurl thy vindictive rage ;

And to some act thy courage shall give birth,

Which, while it spreads thy fame, shall grace the moral page.

And, such an act awaits thy fateful choice,

If Faction's thoughtless roar,

Caught by the charm of black Invasion's voice,

Throng to thy rocky shore ;

And, on thy yet unvanquish'd strand,

Lift with Destruction's scowling band—

Oh ! if such hour thine eyes should e'er behold,

By all thy fires, with deathless Fame enroll'd—

By Sidney's soul-illumin'd pile,
Which still enstars thy favour'd isle;
By Hampden's name, who bled, and died,
With Freedom smiling at his side;
By Alfred's ghost, whose British fane
Is hallow'd with the slaughter'd Dane;
By Cressy's field, where Strife *unjust*,
Saw Gallia's chiefs embrace the dust,
Till the dread heap of noble slain
Bade wondering Time his feet detain!
Shall coward tameness bind that awful arm,
Still with the blood of patriot ages warm?

ANACREONTIC.

BY W. AMPHLETT.

STILL does the Winter's frown destroy
Th' adventurous flower that early blows,
Still does Despair, with savage joy,
Blast the first hopes the Lover knows!
Shall Winter's icy sceptre sway
In Seraphina's gentle heart?
Shall cold *Indifference* ever prey
On what soft Pity would impart?
Oh, banish *that* unfeeling maid,
Where Love and Beauty never reign;
For, when thy beauty is survey'd,
Neglected Love must still complain!

THE DEFENCE.

GENTLE Charmer! Oh, cease to reprove
The coolness pervading my breast,
A coldness arising from Love,
That never could see thee distress'd.
Thy Friendship, that ne'er could behold
Thy countenance cloister'd by care;
Nor listen, as Misery told,
Thy *Lover* had made thee less fair!

In a world whose unceasing delight,
 Ambition and greatness is—gain,
 How looks a poetical wight,
 Whose riches exceed not his brain?
 That brain, not unfrequently too,
 Unblest with the streamlets of rhyme,
 Can yield no mellifluous dew
 To moisten the parchings of Time.

I know that the bubble of state,
 You can unaffectedly shun;
 That the trappings attach'd to the great
 Are not, in your sight, like the sun:
 But could you resolve to forego
 The charms Mediocrity yields,
 And toil with a partner of woe,
 Where Want must embitter the fields?

Though dreary, the picture is *true*,
 And drawn by no sinister bard,
 Exhibited thus to your view,
 Permit it to chill your regard:
 A regard which to thee, lovely Maid!
 Can only misfortune impart,
 And cast in inscrutable shade
 The prospects which brighten your heart.

Yet think not, while thus I pourtray
 The ills that encompass me round,
 All truth now compels me to say—
 I say, without feeling its wound;
 Ah, no! for the heart that indites
 Each accent interpreted here,
 Would blot what its messenger writes
 With many a sorrowful tear.

Compassionate, constant, and mild,
 Myrtilla! thy warnings return—

“Indulge not in fancies so wild,

“Nor suffer these fevers to burn.

“Recal your first purpose to view:”

And list to the voice of a friend—

“The footsteps of commerce pursue,

“And wealth will your labours attend.”

Was not my fair Monitor known
 Her friend is uniform'd for the crowd ;
 He lives but in Solitude's zone,
 Afar from the wealthy and proud :
 Nor can he, though often he sighs,
 To think of his wayward incline,
 By systems which Lucre supplies,
 Reverberate Nature's design.

He loves, though disconsolate Fate
 Forbids the endearing return ;
 He hopes, though calamities wait
 Already those hopes to inurn.
 Ah, surely such feelings may crave
 The sympathy prudence withholds,
 Till cloth'd by the hand of the grave,
 They rest in Obscurity's folds.

C.

TWO SONNETS,

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

WRITTEN IN A RUIN.

AMID these walls, deserted now and drear,
 While yet pale Evening's last blush faintly spreads
 Deepen'd purple o'er these lone-towers' heads :—
 While fades the foliage from the dying year,
 Enfivè I stray ; and all to forceful grief,
 Gladly resign'd, I lift my heavy tear
 Round on the fallen, yellow-tinted leaf.
 O ! days of sweet delight ! for ever dear,
 Why, like a troubled ghost, do ye appear,
 Taunting my lonely hour ? For ah ! a prey
 To wild, wild woe, all weeping I stray ;
 Alas ! no hopes my pilgrim footsteps cheer—
 Where'er I go, within my breast I bear
 The bitter source of all my deep despair !

TO A WILLOW.

O WILLOW ! art thou fall'n ?—Ah ! as I past
 Thy graces late, I saw thee green and fair,
 Waving thy soft boughs on the summer air,
 And sighing music on each passing blast !—
 But now—up-rooted—torn—I see thee cast
 Pale on the river's brink.—O ! what a tear
 Drops from mine eye, as now the long, long past
 Rushes upon my heart ;—Ah ! once so dear,
 So fair as thee—so sad, so sweetly wild,
 I saw my Ellen late ;—and now, the tomb
 Tells us alone of all her youthful bloom,
 Her gentle soul, her angel manners mild ;—
 Kind, matchless girl ! though dead to all below,
 Still shall thy image in my bosom glow.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

GREEN-ROBED Goddesses ! fair, and young,
 From Venus and Apollo sprung ;
 Blue-eyed, lily-bosom'd fair !
 With smiling lips, and flowing hair,
 Come, with all thy festive hours,
 Drest in coronets of flowers,
 Such as thy own April flings
 From his dew-impearled wings :
 Vi'lets, cowslips, and the rose,
 That yellow in the meadow grows,
 Snow-drops pure, and lilies pale,
 That love to linger in the vale :
 Come, and from those swimming eyes
 Where Cupids lurk, and rapture lies,
 Scatter glories o'er the earth,
 Such as may awake to birth
 Every loitering flower, that dwells
 Closed within their icy cells.
 Hither turn thy buskin'd feet,
 Haste, thy Zephyrus to meet,

And,

And with him delighted rove
Thro' every wood, and every grove;
Bidding every bird awake
That drooping sits in dell or brake.
Spring! for thee, with looks elate,
The youths implore, the maidens wait;
And every plant, and every tree,
Sighs, and buds, and droops for thee.
See! the lilac longs to pour,
O'er the green earth, her purple shower;
And, waving o'er the fields, behold
The soft liburnum's splendid gold
Swells in vain, and pants to cast
Her blossoms on the sounding blast;
While now the almond, blushing deep,
Wakens from her careless sleep,
And glowing, kindling, waits alone
Thy presence, to proclaim thee known.
Oh! hither haste! for oft I sigh
For April's earth, and April's sky;
I pant to mark thy varied day,
To bless thy smiles, to hail thy sway;
To wander with thee through thy bowers,
Enjoy thy fun, and feel thy showers.

SONNETS.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT,

TO AMICUS,

AVAILS it ought, my friend, with ceaseless care,
Firmly the path of rectitude to tread,
The sternest frowns of angry Fate to bear,
With mind unaw'd, unchang'd by slavish dread;
While, like the constant shadow, Envy pale,
And sneering Scorn, and ruffian Hate pursue;
Dark Slander whispers her malignant tale,
And paints her victim of the blackest hue?

Yes,

And,

Yes, it avails! in innocence secure,
 The heart, though bleeding at the touch of woe,
 Can taste a pleasure more refin'd, and pure,
 Than proud triumphant Guilt shall ever know;
 Can, spite of all its banded foes, rejoice.
 Sweet is the spirit's self-approving voice!

TO TWILIGHT.

MEER matron, Twilight! at thy silent hour,
 When slow, as loth to part, in Western skies
 The last fine streak of glowing crimson dies,
 While Vesper hastes to lead his starry power;
 When the bright dew-drop on each closing flower
 Trembles, as soft the lulling zephyr sighs;
 And the dull bat on uncouth pinions flies
 In frequent circles round his lonely tower;
 Ah, then, full dearly do I love to stray,
 Far from the giddy rout of *Comus* jolly;
 With folded arms, alone to bend my way,
 Free from the hated din of empty Folly,
 Through some faint rustling grove, or cloister grey,
 Lost in the musings sweet of fainted Melancholy.

TO THE FADING FLOWER.

POOR luckless flower, why languid droops thy head,
 Why do thy late warm tints begin to fail;
 And that sweet fragrance which perfum'd the vale,
 Why from thy lips, for ever is it fled?
 Say, dost thou mourn that from thy native bed
 Untimely torn, thou shalt no more inhale
 The sun's warm ray, the renovating gale,
 And to the bee thy treasur'd nectar spread?
 Alas, like thee, from tranquil pleasure torn,
 And doom'd no more Hope's sunny smile to know,
 Those faded hours of bliss I sadly mourn
 For which, though vain, Regret's fond tear will flow.
 Thou happy die'st. I, by pale anguish worn,
 Unwilling live to feel protracted woe.

TO *****

If from that hour the dewy Morn's bright eyes,
On earth first ope, till dull night's spect' red-noon—
When, with slow, solemn march, the vestal moon,
And marshall'd band of stars, descend the skies;
Musing to stray, and with repeated sighs,
That speak a heart with saddest woe in tune,
To crave of pitying heaven alone this boon—
That with fresh blifs, for thee, each morn may rise!
If those thou lov'st, to hold, than light, more dear;
To place their image in my heart next thine;
If, when thy mild, thy angel voice I hear,
On the soft sounds to dwell—O maid divine!
Might claim one tender sigh, one pearly tear;
The pearly tear, the tender sigh were mine.

FORTITUDE.

TIS Man's hereditary doom to sigh,
Compass'd with ills, besieg'd by hostile pains,
Wants, perils, and misfortunes jointly try
To wound each thought, and clog the soul with chains—
Then, heir of sorrow! fortify thy mind,
The sad contingencies of life to bear;
Let lion Courage, with Discretion join'd,
As with strong armour, every thought prepare.
For, as the camel on hot Lybia's sands,
The stress of hunger, thirst, and heat endures,
And fainteth not; so virile courage stands
'Midst hosts of ills, and victory ensures.
A vig'rous mind at Fortune's malice smiles;
Palm-like tends upward to unclouded skies;
Looks to its God, and gains, for transient toils,
The crown of endless life, and boundless joys!
On Fortune's smiles his pleasures never rest,
Whose smiles are changing as th' inconstant moon;
Nor can *her* frowns his bosom e'er molest,
Or cast a cloud athwart his mental noon.

Survey

Survey yon rock that braves the angry flood,
 Against whose sides the sounding billows break;
 So Fortitude, as now, has always stood;
 Nor can Affliction his foundations shake;
 In instant danger, he betrays no dread,
 No daring ills his stablesness defeat;
 He, like a turret, rears his lofty head,
 And Fortune drops her arrows at his feet;
 Well-arm'd, he goes the ills of life to fight;
 Comes back triumphant from the victor field,
 And feels within an exquisite delight
 To find his passions, as misfortunes, yield.
 But souls not form'd with courage to sustain
 Life's weight of woes, the burthen of distress,
 Like flexile reeds, that crowd the miry plain,
 Bend with each ill, and earth inglorious press.

W. S. T.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER TELLING THE AUTHOR, " THAT SHE DID NOT
 EXPECT SO MUCH POLITENESS FROM SO GREAT A POET."

THANKS to the candour of my beauteous friend,
 Whose mild reproof, at length, hath let me know
 Where all my best sollicitudes must end;
 And whence the source of many a secret woe.

To *me* has polish'd Elegance denied
 The bland attractions of the social hour;
 But hence conclude not that pedantic pride
 Has seal'd my tongue, and taught my brow to low'r.

The pertinent loquacity of wit,
 The prompt refinement of the finish'd beau,
 The bounding eye, where ceaseless pleasures sit,
 And the gay negligence that these bestow—

I do not boast; for, o'er my early years,
 Grief—premature, has stretch'd her lurid wing;
 Dissolv'd the eye of Happiness in tears,
 And nipp'd the budding honours of the spring.

Yet,

Yet, bleak Calamity cannot suppress
 The warm effusions of a grateful heart;
 The pulse that vibrates with a friend's distress,
 Nor that which in his joy can share a part.

Nor has Indifference assum'd the throne
 Where young Susceptibility should reign,
 Nor Apathy's impenetrable zone
 Render'd this breast insensate to Disdain.

O'er Disappointment's gloomy atmosphere,
 When gathering clouds forebode approaching storms,
 Still 'mid the dismal sullenness appear,
 Of Love, and Harmony, the shining forms.

And these revive an else despondent soul,
 And spread a balm on Sorrow's bleeding wound;
 Uphold the mind while Fate's dread thunders roll,
 And pour the light of Consolation round!

O, then, withdraw not that benignant beam,
 Which shed a lustre on the darkest night,
 Veil not the sun, that from Affliction's stream,
 Could still exhale the Spirit of Delight.

Far, of the various troubles which infest
 The weary pilgrim, in this mundane sphere,
 Not one can agonize the tender breast
 More than *neglect* from those we most revere.

Away, ye phantoms of inglorious Fame,
 (Such—such ye are, if Friendship yields to you)
 For what, alas! is eminence of name,
 If, in exchange, to Peace we bid adieu?

Return, ye hours of unaspiring joy,
 When converse wander'd in unstudied ease,
 Ere yet acquaintance had begun to cloy,
 And my felicity was but to *please*.

Then (he who now the sad reverse deploras)
 Maria's self was privileg'd to hear
 unfold the wreath of Information's stores,
 And give fresh beauty to the blooming year.

Then

Then too, *Miranda* oft would kindly deign
 To add the treasures of her fertile mind,
 Treasures, whose sweets could banish every pain,
 And aching brows with mirthful poppies bind !
 Glory—I would not barter these for thee,
 Nor all the splendour which thy charms bestow ;
 As far superior are these joys to *me*,
 As verdant vallies to eternal snow.

WOODVILLE.

THE DESERTED INDIAN.

DARK is the countenance you now behold,
 On which the sun his fiery beams has shed;
 Weak is my frame, unable to uphold
 My fainting spirits—faint for want of bread.
 Cast on a land where Wealth and Plenty dwell,
 Cast on a land where gen'rous Pity smiles,
 By your donations, bid my bosom swell
 With thanks, to recompence your friendly toils.
 An alien, wandering from my native shore,
 My language wild, and dissonant to hear;
 For all your gifts—the God whom you adore
 Shall take the heart-ejaculated prayer.
 I have receiv'd, like you, what Nature gave—
 A body subject to disease and pain ;
 And, though enforc'd to live another's slave,
 A noble thirst for Liberty retain.
 A mother bore me in her feeble frame,
 Sustain'd my life with nutriment like your's,
 Taught my young voice to lisp a father's name,
 And chant the majesty of Mithra's powers.
 To you I lift my want-enfeebled hand,
 To you I lift these eyes, replete with tears ;
 Cold blows the wind—Oh ! aid me to withstand
 The woes of life, the press of grief-worn years !

W. S. T.

DIRGE,

SUNG BY LEONATO AND BEATRICE, OVER HERO, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

Vide—" *Much Ado about Nothing*."

HENCE, Slander, hence, with horrid tongue,
Nor haunt the grave where Hero lies!
Avaunt! and let the soothing song
Of softest, tenderest sorrow, rise.

Fair maid, adieu! condemn'd in life
Th' extremes of love and hate to know;
But now nor Malice lifts her knife,
Nor Envy draws her ebon bow:

Nor perjur'd vows, nor lover's sighs,
Again shall break thy silent sleep;
But Memory still, with streaming eyes,
Shall o'er thy cold-bed fondly weep.

Around thy turf, each moonlight night,
The victims of hard-fated love
Shall join to meet thy kindred sprite,
And hallow all this sacred grove.

Once more, farewell! thy lonely grave
Sweet Peace her dear abode shall make;
And Pity's self thy form shall save
For Innocence and Virtue's sake!

T. N.

TO MISS M— K—.

FORGIVE me, fair Maid! if I dare to intrude
My feeble and unmanner'd lays;
Nor deem my intentions uncivil or rude,
If I venture to sing in your praise.

When the ruddy-fac'd morn first appears to the view,
And the sun sheds a glimmering ray,
The Persian falls prostrate his vows to renew,
And worships the Parent of Day.

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D

E'en thus, your lov'd presence, to me is so dear,
 And your converse such pleasure imparts,
 All nature seems glad when Maria is near,
 But looks mournful whene'er she departs.

As Arabia's rich spices distil into dew,
 And the lilies their fragrance exhale;
 As the fair modest rose opes its bud to our view,
 And the thorn yields its scent to the gale;

As the pale silver moon, the Queen Regent of Night,
 Her splendour unveils from a cloud;
 As the vast concave heavens are studded with light,
 And stars the blue firmament crowd—

Ah! who can mild Gratitude's tribute withhold,
 Or Affection's soft impulse withstand?
 When the beauties of Nature such treasures unfold,
 Can we turn from her liberal hand?

Can we view the kind blessings she daily supplies,
 With a cold and a silent disdain?
 Shall we listen to those who pretend to be wise,
 And say, that all pleasure is vain?

Oh, no!—'twill not be; for the sensible mind
 Feels the joys of its natural state;
 Forgets its *past* sufferings, or leaves them behind,
 And contentedly yields to its fate.

No; our senses are charm'd—yet we hail with a sigh
 Such sweet and such transient delight!
 So Maria allures me—but coy to comply,
 Like a meteor she steals from my sight.

Believe not that man is by nature deprav'd,
 That his passions but lead him astray;
 By immutable laws that he's bound and enslav'd,
 Or that vice bears an absolute sway:—

'Tis the coward's last refuge, the bigot's belief;
 But sages its tenets disdain—
 INDEPENDENCE *alone* yields a certain relief,
 And Virtue secures us from pain.

In vain do you tell me, to love is unwise,
 And the merits of absence commend;
 Can the blind cease to mourn for the loss of his eyes,
 Or the patriot forsake his best friend?
 Give me back then, fair spoiler! the heart thou hast ta'en,
 Or do not this compromise spurn—
 Let the fugitive wand'rer, in quiet remain,
 And yield me thine own in return.

J. G. J.

THE FLIGHTS OF FANCY:—A FRAGMENT.

BY G. WALKER.

[AUTHOR OF THEODORE CYPHON, &c.]

WHERE Eden's stream, with murmurs soft and slow,
 Glides in a progress scarcely seen to flow;
 Where tow'ring cliffs hang pending o'er the head,
 And awful horror strikes the mind with dread;
 Where pines exalted catch the passing breeze,
 And whispering echo lends her voice to please;
 There, while in softest indolence I lay,
 And watch'd the wat'ry mirror move away;
 Oft have I thought—On what far distant shore
 Shall those waves perish, to return no more?
 O happy fate! to sail through worlds unknown,
 See blooming wilds—that bloom'd for me alone;
 Catch the fresh breeze impregnate with perfume,
 And learn to trace the forest's deepest gloom;
 Through distant climes to bear my wat'ry way,
 And leave the shores where Naiades' sport and play.
 To kiss the land where once the Sylvan swain
 Danc'd in soft measure to the Lydian strain;
 Where Spartan maids, in Freedom's nobler cause,
 Disdain'd the softness of domestic laws;
 Where men with breasts by *amor patria* fir'd,
 Conquer'd to triumph, or in war expir'd!
 Or winding on from Lacedæmon's coast,
 Leave the Attic shore—fair Freedom's boast,
 Or barren Palestine—whose sterile sands
 Refuse their harvest to rebellious hands.

Where snakes and vipers curl along the way,
 And basking scorpions in the sun-beams play.
 For now, no more the timbrel and the lute
 Responsive vibrate to the *Æolian* flute,
 Nor Zion's daughters, in the sacred grove,
 Sigh to the whispers of almighty love !
 No more the vintage crowns the closing year,
 Nor songs melodious gladden on the ear ;
 No more Pomona spreads her varied store,
 For Israel's sons she sheds her fruits no more ;
 E'en Heav'n's high temple, that with grandeur rose
 Where God himself seem'd willing to repose,
 Where Earth's productions had combin'd to meet,
 And Art and Fancy saw the work complete,
 Now, like a fleeting vision's pass'd away :
 And scarce a trace tells where the ruins lay.
 Her sons and daughters, worse than captive, led
 In vagrant wand'rings seek their scanty bread.
 But while, O Zion ! we regret thy fall,
 We bow in rev'rence to the God of All !

Soar on my fancy ; and, from Judah's land
 Borne on a wave along the desert strand,
 Hail the grim regions where destructive ire
 Glows in the breast, and sets the soul on fire :
 Where rage, and lust, and furious transports burn,
 And each wild passion triumphs in its turn.
 There Carthage, once, caus'd lofty walls to rise,
 That nod contempt at Rome, and Rome despise ;
 That shelter Commerce in her flight from Tyre,
 And bade her sons to boundless sway aspire.

Alas, how great, how terrific her doom !
 " Down ! down with Carthage !" cried Imperial Rome ;
 In one sad hour, the Queen of half the world,
 From pomp, from grandeur, and from empire hurl'd,
 Sunk into dust—beneath th' insulting foe ;
 Whose breasts, ungen'rous, triumph'd in her woe.

Say, here shall thought her active flight suspend,
 And midst barbarian wilds, her progress end ;

Or with the eddying wave, still onward flow
 To trace new climates, and new worlds to know;
 Leave far behind the realms where arts are known,
 And quit the temp'rate for the torrid zone?
 Where Afric's sons, a black, uncultur'd race,
 Consume the day in gambols or in chace,
 Sport on their native sands without a care,
 Or bask beneath the sun's meridian glare;
 Or with the sombre bride by Nature drest,
 Taste simple love, congenial to the breast,
 Without alloy th' ethereal passion share,
 And, more than Afric's daughters, think her fair;
 No plans of future, no ideal pow'r,
 Destroy the pleasures of the passing hour:
 Content to live on Nature's bounteous store,
 His birthright, Liberty, he asks no more.
 But e'en this boon, the charter of high heav'n,
 For which mankind, in turns, have nobly striv'n,
 Unfeeling Commerce would from Afric tear,
 And drag her sons—unnumber'd ills to share;
 Destroy the ties of family and friend—
 Consign'd to mis'ry Death alone can end.
 The free-born Negro, doom'd to ceaseless toil,
 Bent down by labour, and a death-fraught foil,
 While noxious vapours mingle in the air,
 And vivid lightnings mock with wanton glare;
 While hurling tempests roar through black'ning skies,
 And pinion'd Horror o'er the country flies:
 There toils the wretch—to pride and pomp a slave,
 Whose utmost wish is bounded by the grave:
 There man o'er man usurps imperious sway,
 And crime stands brazening to the blushing day.

TO MYRTILLA.

MARCH 26, 1797.

AH—notice the seasons:—how fast
 They speed in their destin'd career;
 We doze on the time that is past,
 And wake with a new-cradled year:

Still, Pleasure our end and pursuit,
Contented at distance to hail,
Or, bend her fair clusters with fruit,
Distrust shall the treasure impale.

And whence this unpromising toil,
For joys that we never can prize?
When life has presented a foil
Where peace, unacceptedly, dies?—
Deception has planted mistrust
Where friendship had learnt to repose;
And the heart that was feeling and just,
Turns callous with merciless woes:

The present may teem with delight,
But man will, unsatisfy'd, pore
Mid shades of unsearchable night,
To gather Futurity's store:
While Mem'ry, as transports decay,
To cheer the dead stillness within,
Recals each ineffable day
When hope was unmingled with sin!

Myrtilla! I once could have strung
A harp that was fashion'd to mirth:
In strains, not unmeetly, have sung
The morn that revolv'd on **THY BIRTH**.
But mirth was not fitted to me;
Or sorrow refuses the theme;
For that harp has long cling'd to the tree
Whose branches recline in the stream.

When I sing, I am told, 'tis the song
Of a spirit familiar with care;
That the graces recede in a throng,
And bend not to tones of despair:
Yet Myrtilla, such strains as I breathe,
Thou wilt not, thou canst not reject:
For thee, they shall circle a wreath
Which fancy could never effect.

Though others, as languid and slow,
May construe this negligent line;
For verse where rich melodies glow,
Thou wouldst not its spirit resign.

That spirit, demands not, to thee,
The form and the polish of art ;
Those shew not, what else thou canst see,
A passion entwin'd with *the heart*.

And, are there who seek to divide
Affections that never can cease ;
Who think, that our love shall subside
In a cold unintelligent peace !
Did tempers like those e'er endure
The kindness that mingles with life ;
The wounds that no solace can cure
When friendship is buried in strife ?

They have : yet, by motives misled,
Which anger attributes to good,
Their love is invested with dread !
Their best admonitions withstood !
Oh ! could but their tenderness break
On hearts that for tenderness sigh,
No longer involv'd in mistake ;
Young concord should lighten each eye !

On temples where care has imprest
Dark traces untravell'd by time,
Might hope, in sincerity drest,
Re-kindle vivacity's prime ;
On griefs which the days yet unknown
Regard with a frowning command,
Oblivion, asserting her throne,
Might lay an intangible hand !

Alas, gentle Girl ! for these views
Are summits we never must gain :
Vain dreams, which sick fancy pursues
To cheat the wild throbbings of pain !
list,—but the music of joy
Disturbs not the vespers of thought :
is past ! not a wish but would cloy
Could it rise—by misfortune unwrought.

P. COURTIER.

SONNET TO A SEA-GULL.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.

NOW rave the wild winds o'er the wat'ry waste,
 And, springing from the wave, the Sea-gull's form
 Flashes its whiteness on the dark'ning storm.—
 Ah, happy bird! where do your pinions haste?
 To some strong isle by deathless rocks embrac'd.
 Dauntless you soar, and on some warlike tower,
 Or awful height, upon the rude beach place
 You sit, and listen to the ocean's roar.
 For then, escaped from its destructive power
 Sublime in air, the angry winds you hear;
 But I, alas! in life's tempestuous hour
 See no kind land, no lofty turret near:
 Shoreless my sea, and endless is its rage—
 O! when will death's dread calm its potent wrath assuage?

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

THE INVITATION.

TO HENRY.

COME, Henry, come! for, lo! the day
 Sheds purple glories on the sight;
 Say, shall we bend our happy way
 To where yon trees are waving light?
 Or shall we seek yon bean-flower bed,
 Where breezes faint with rich perfume?
 Or range through woods, whose brown feet tread
 On lilies wild, or strawberries' bloom.
 Yet ah! each path with thee is sweet,
 And as I on thy dear arm lean,
 The same to me the dark retreat
 As where the sun-shine cheers the green.
 Then haste along, and let us rove
 Through all the charms of dale or plain:
 For whilst I own a sister's love,
 I scorn vile Slander's idle strain.

Charm'd with thy animated mind,
Soothed by the softness of thy heart,
Bless thy sentiments refined,
And own the transport they impart:—

And gayly to thy wit I smile,
Or fondly to thy tender tone
I bend the listening ear, the while
I make thy feelings all my own.

O! come, thou warmest, kindest friend!
Come with those eyes so blue and clear;
I care not where our footsteps bend,
For *I* am loved, and *thou* art dear.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

ON AURELIA'S BLUSHING.

SAY, gentle spirit! hast thou seen
When the sun darts o'er ocean low,
And sudden bursts on heav'n's wide scene,
The warm, the radiating glow.'—

Say, hast thou seen the opal white,
First when no ray its breast illumines,
Then flashing on some rapid light,
What blooming brilliance it assumes?

And hast thou seen an ebon cloud,
From which the rainy torments flow,
When Phœbus casts away his shroud,
Gleam with the orience of the bow?

And hast thou seen, when turtles coo,
Their varying bosoms swiftly flush?
Shoot from the pale, and dusky blue,
No mingled colours boundless blush?

O! if thou hast, thou'lt guess the grace,
The rich suffusion beaming light,
When on Aurelia's lovely face,
The blush first kindles to the sight.

EDWIN.

SONNET

TO A BRACELET FOUND IN A GROVE.

HAIL happy pearl! from the soft snowy round
 Of that dear arm for which so many sigh,
 Say, wert thou by Aurelia's self unbound,
 And left to meet her favour'd soldier's eye!
 And say, ye trees! beneath whose branches high
 So oft she strays, say, all ye vermil flowers,
 'Mid whom so often fly Aurelia's hours,
 Ah! did she bid you here for Edwin lie?—
 O! dare I hope, that led by time and fate,
 Some white-winged hour may come, when at her feet
 Rapt, I may breathe that passion, warm and sweet,
 Which my Aurelia only could create.
 That in those eyes where love and feeling beam,
 Edwin may read, blest hope, and raptured live for them.

EDWIN.

TO COQUETILLA.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

CEASE, prithee cease, each vain endeavour,
 Believe me, all thy hopes are vain;
 For never Coquetilla, never,
 Can my firm heart receive thy chain.

Thy voice so soft, thy artful languish,
 Thy prudish frown, thy luring smile,
 Thy sighs—the counterfeits of anguish,
 I know, are but the tricks of guile.

In vain, my love or pride to waken,
 You flirt it with a score of beaux;
 Sadly indeed are you mistaken:
 'I will never ruffle my repose.

And, though with twenty more coquetting,
 You sternly frown'd on me alone;
 Faith I should ne'er waste time in fretting,
 Nor e'er to winds or waters moan.

Hop thy bootless persecution,
 I swear by each bright saint above,
 Thou canst not shake my resolution;
 For, one of matchless charms, I love!
 Mild as the sweet May's sweetest morning,
 Is she for whom my bosom sighs;
 Her mind, each gentle grace adorning,
 Speaks in her love-inspiring eyes:
 The tints upon her fine cheek, glowing,
 Shame the frail Rose's meaner hue;
 And the soft tones from her lips flowing,
 Fall like the morn's reviving dew.
 Nay, when in all her glories dighted,
 The pale Moon mounts her silver car;
 What gazing eye by her delighted,
 Can heed the twinkling of a star?

SONNETS

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

Written January 18th, 1797.

MORN of my natal day! not with the strains
 Of airy mirth, thee can I smiling hail.
 Thou bring'st no friendly balm to soothe the pains
 I feel from the keen shafts of Sorrow pale.
 To wander guideless, driv'n by Fortune's breath;
 To bend in silent sadness, o'er the urn
 Of Friendship, torn by Malice or by Death,
 Is mine:—and, can I greet thy sad return!
 O, come no more—I love thee not, dark morn!
 Thy due career thou twice ten times hast sped;
 Hast thou found me fainting and forlorn;
 Oft seen how my poor wounded heart has bled:
 But now, bright-beaming through the lonely gloom,
 See Hope's radiant star rest on the peaceful tomb.

TO A BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

HAIL, lovely morn ! O, thou art passing sweet !
 Thy genial breath renerves my fever'd frame !
 Check'd is awhile the slow consuming flame ;
 In milder tone my throbbing pulses beat.

Freed from the troublous visions of the night,
 Of Phantasy and Woe the children drear ;
 I, faintly smiling, greet thy presence dear,
 That wakes the busy world to fresh delight :

But, not to me, sweet morning ! dost thou bring,
 As to the passing crowd, unfullied joy ;
 For me, alas, pale Fear and Doubt annoy ;
 And my sad breast feels Sorrow's 'venom'd sting.

Yet will I bless thee, for, with smile benign,
 Thou giv'st the hearts I love, the bliss denied to mine !

TO THE MOON.

QUEEN of the starry throng, whose vivid rays
 Direct th' erratic traveller to his cot ;
 On thy chaste form, devotion loves to gaze,
 In winding vales, or on the pine-crown'd spot.
 Thy trembling beams, elancing o'er the main—
 Now palely-gleaming through the fleecy clouds,
 Now widely-spreading o'er the furzy plain,
 Now bringing to the view the ship's white shrouds,
 Awake Reflection's melancholy sigh,
 That wafts to Friendship's urn the tender soul ;
 Extract unbidden from the soften'd eye,
 The genuine tear that art can ne'er controul !
 Beneath thy pallid beams—the Muse delights to rove ;
 Far from the tents of vice, and scenes of lawless love.

W. S. L.

SONNET.

TO MIRANDA.

A FEW short months—and I, with that delight
 Which purest friendship only can create,
 Saw thee, Miranda, young in beauty bright,
 Beaming gay health, and innocence elate !
 But grief has check'd the current of thy fate ;
 That fate so envied ! and grief's tedious night
 Wak'd many a silent woe, and fearful sprite
 Of sickliest hue, to tinge thy wonted state.
 Oh ! I should mourn as one unknown to joy,
 Did I not know the temper of thy soul :
 Know that while sickness doth thy frame annoy,
 Thy mind springs upward to its heav'nly goal.
 Yet I must mourn that one so good, so fair,
 Should yield a victim to untimely care.

WOODVILLE,

HINTS TO YOUNG ACTORS.

“ Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubelô
 “ Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.”

HOR. ART. POET,

CONSIDER well o'er, and weigh within your breast,
 What suits your talent, what your strength the best ;
 First, can you judge impartially between
 The Spouter's rant, and Actor's latent vein ?
 Or think you act, if nightly you rehearse
 Some hundred lines of pompous florid verse ;
 The Tragic art, believe me, does not lie
 In the white handkerchief, or lengthen'd sigh.
 A sock or buskin would you hope to shine,
 Birth must with sense, and grace with wisdom join ;
 Or here, ev'n wisdom's vain, in critic sight,
 Should you want judgment to direct it right.
 Wisdom, 'tis true, is an essential part,
 Yet, when unaided, fails to gain the heart ;

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Rarely united in one man, we find
A graceful person and enlighten'd mind ;
Yet, without these, you vainly hope to shine ;
They're both essential to your main design.
If Nature wayward, should her aid refuse,
And you must play—then court the Comic Muse.
Hard is the task of copying Nature well,
There's scarce an art in which so few excel ;
A finish'd Actor seldom now appears,
A Roscius—scarcely in five hundred years :
You'd know the reason—why, 'tis clear as day—
The wretch that scarce can read, will *dare* to play
Tho' wit, taste, wisdom, all deny their aid,
He'll combat Nature, nor reject the trade ;
Tho' void of judgment, breeding, grace, or ease,
The desperate hero still expects to please !
Experience proves the world's not right insane,
To stamp such mimics with an Actor's name.
With men of rank and taste, we rarely find
This spark of genius kindled in the mind ;
Yet will these upstart-blockheads claim pretence
To judgment, manners, taste, and eloquence :
We all have something in our voice ('tis true)
To please *ourselves*, if *this* alone would do.
Custom may make the hoarsest voice seem clear,
Discordant sounds from custom please the ear ;
You cannot judge, nor on yourself depend,
But try your skill on some impartial friend,
Some learned friend ; for what the herd may praise,
The riper judgment with disgust surveys.
He'll mark your faults ; but yet, if too severe,
He'll drive the timorous actor to despair ;
If harshly rough, he'll but increase your fear,
And make each hiss a hurricane appear ;
The artful critic, cautious lest he errs,
A laurel scarce on Nature's self confers,
Denies each grace ; to each perfection blind,
He's still secure : his taste is too refin'd :
But each thick sob, and ev'ry streaming eye,
To the ungenerous critic, gives the lie.
'Tis hard, I own, if oft you've play'd a part,
To raise your passions till they touch your heart ;

Play'd many nights successively, it must
 Damp those nice feelings that it rais'd at first.
 Were Shakespeare's beauties in one play combin'd,
 The same routine must pall the jaded mind;
 Yet if you act, and feel not what you play,
 'Tis chat or dote the tiresome scene away.

Am I to weep? from *you* must fall the tear;
 Then will I sorrow, *then* my grief's sincere;
 Quick down my cheek th' applauding tributes flow,
 While my breast heaves responsive to your woe!
 He fails to grieve, or make my joy sincere,
 Whose genius flashes only here and there;
 'Tis not enough you blaze out now and then,
 Dazzle a moment, and retire again:

He must not hope to rivet down my soul,
 Who fails of strict perfection through the whole.

Actors, believe me, though you cease to play,
 Ev'n when you're silent, still you've much to say:
 Your friend's misfortunes your attention claim,
 Then must a sympathy pervade your frame;
 Your feeling mind, your varying face must shew;
 And when he grieves, wear you the look of woe.
 Define each passion: for by this alone

You'll give to each its proper look and tone;
 Search Nature's self, 'tis there alone you'll find
 The secret movements of the human mind.

If, through each feeling line, you lifeless creep,
 Yawn awhile; at length fall fast asleep.

Avoid all affectation, nor attempt
 To speak too well; you only raise contempt:
 Nor yet too quaint; but just a midway steer,
 If both extremes judiciously keep clear;
 Affecting stops, and emphasis combine
 To mar the sense and measure of the line.

Sick with disgust, I loathe him from my heart,
 Who, passing Nature, over-acts his part;
 The fiction's lost, I'm now no more deceiv'd,
 That passes Nature cannot be believ'd:

The skilful Actor close to Nature goes,
 He leaves my mind not too much to suppose;
 He acts with strength, and sparkles with a zeal,
 Whate'er the theme, that others never feel."

Middle Temple.

W. HUBAND.

TO MY FLUTE.

FRRIEND of my lonely, pensive hours,
 Whose sweet, enchanting, soothing pow'rs,
 Dispel my sorrows and my woes,
 And lull my mind to soft repose;
 While tuning thy seducing strains,
 The soothing balm of love-sick swains,
 My heart forgets each pressing grief,
 And seems to feel a short relief;
 The melancholy notes of love
 My smitten heart's attractions prove;
 In airs of plaintive softness swell,
 And charm me with their magic spell.
 Yet, while I thus my love reveal,
 Sweet are the transports which I feel:
 But soon my breath unequal grows,
 And soon again return my woes.
 Like fading notes, I fain would die,
 And breathe my last departing sigh!

J. COBBIN, JUN.

JULIA: AN ELEGY.

THE sun had set, and o'er the cheek of eve
 Full many a deepening tint had twilight drawn;
 When lost to dreams which giddy pleasures weave,
 And wrapt in thought of days for ever gone—

Julia, the hopeless Julia, pensive stray'd
 Thro' the thick wood, and reckless of their blooms,
 Pluck'd many a wild flow'r from the tangled shade;
 But, sighing, tasted not their rich perfumes.

The ev'ning star now op'd his liquid eye,
 And rising from the east, in clouds of light,
 The clear moon glided thro' the azure sky,
 Robing the woods and plains in silvery white.

Fast by a hanging bank's romantic side,
 O'er which the ash and lime luxuriant grew,
 A summer-seat was placed, amid the pride
 Of many a wood-rose light, and lilac blue:

Here Julia sunk, and musing as she sat,
 Heard not the rising wind sublimely pass,
 Which sounding, whirl'd in air her simple hat,
 Then flung it prone amid the sighing grass.

Loose to the gale her nut-brown tresses stream'd,
 Her soft white breast was chill'd, and on her cheek
 The crowded tears beneath the moon-light gleam'd,
 Washing the faint trace of its colour weak.

Fix'd were her eyes upon the distant bound
 Of the black landscape, buried deep in shade,
 For the pale orb but shed her beams around
 The spot, where sat the melancholy maid.

Oh! at this hour—with lifted hands she cried—
 At this most lonely hour of summer night,
 When all these woods, that stretch their arms so wide,
 Slept, still and silent, 'mid a world of light—

Here on this spot, in his dear arms I lay,
 Who now imprison'd on a distant shore,
 Hopeless recalls the cheerful blaze of day,
 And sweeter freedom of this peaceful hour.

Here my lost soldier caught the latest kiss,
 Here told, and listen'd to the constant vow;
 Ah! even these were ecstasies of bliss,
 To the deep tortures of my bosom now.

Long may I look in vain—these swimming eyes
 No more shall weep upon his faithful breast,
 No more shall lighten, as his potent sighs
 Burst from that heart to which his love is press'd.

Perhaps in some dark cell, a slave to woes,
 His fair hair scatter'd, and his blue eyes dim,
 He lies expiring—no fond hand to close
 The tender eye, nor shroud the marbled limb.

Oh God! even now, beneath the tyrant steel,
 Lost he may be to Julia and to love,
 His cold form spurn'd by many a lawless heel,
 And left gross insult from each wretch to prove.

Ye heavenly powers! that form which has so oft
 Fill'd these fond arms, and thrill'd with every glow
 Of lofty valour, or mild mercy soft—
 You—even *mercy* to this cruel foe.

Unhappy youth! O dearer, dearer still,
 Where'er you are, or free in tranquil death,
 Or forc'd the bitter cup of life to fill—
 O! thy poor Julia loathes her vital breath!"

Struggling, and spent, by many a sob suppress'd,
 Her faint voice died—while gushing from her eyes,
 Which now her icy hands convulsive press'd,
 Fast flow'd the tears which misery supplies.

Awful in grief, she sat a silent space,
 The yellow moon-light, pensive, silvering o'er
 The half-hid features of her youthful face,
 The long white drapery which her figure wore.

Soft as the south wind, hurried as the north,
 "Julia! O Julia!" struck her startled ear,
 Rising, a piercing shriek her voice sent forth,
 Then sinking, sought those arms, so fond, so dear.

Yes—it was Pollio; who from death remov'd,
 Now kiss'd her red lip, and delighted spoke;
 Hastening to her who was alone belov'd,
 Her own fair form upon his vision broke.

"O Julia! Julia! do I live to see
 Those beauties yet my own, and heighten'd still
 By a pure heart, devoted firm to me?
 I do—I do; the tears which now distil

O'er thy warm cheek, assure me that thou art
 Yet all my own!"—so spoke the ardent youth,
 And more impetuous to his eager heart
 Snatch'd once again the emblem of fair truth.

To their blest sighs the rude winds soften'd fell,
 The moon shone clearer, and each closing flow'r
 And waving lime, shed round a spicy spell,
 To consecrate to Love this hallow'd hour.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

THOUGHTS ON
THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH COFIELD,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH 25, 1797, IN HER
73D YEAR, AT HAMMERSMITH.

AND she is gone ;—the whose unfeign'd esteem
Grew with the progress of my infant years
To manhood's date, which but confirm'd her love :
For ever gone ! and these neglectful eyes
Knew not a last farewell. Ah, me—how frail
Are all our hopes ! For I had fondly hop'd,
Ere death's dismissal, to have seen this friend,
And sooth'd her dying pillow with the sight
Of one she lov'd in life, and lov'd so well.
“ She could not speak.”—What consolation this ?
For she could feel and know the friendly voice ;
And *look* the firmest speech. But it is past ;
The dreadful struggle's past, and she is fled !
Twelve months are scarcely gone, when we were met
In mild but cheerful health : the storied hour,
By wit enliven'd, sped unheeded by :
She talk'd of other times, and childish fears ;
While, now and then, a dear unbidden thought
On friends departed—check'd her pleasing lore.
She paus'd a silence—and nought else was heard
Till Maro sang a sweet canarian note ;
A note his mistress knew : it call'd to mind
The late-lost inmate of his neighbour-cage,
Now ceas'd to sing. Nor blame my aged friend,
Cynic capricious, or philosopher,
These little birds made music for her age,
Through many a lengthened day ; and now,
One lost, she dropt a tear :—and fleeting time,
With coming death, and scenes beyond the grave,
For she aspir'd to those, rush'd on her thought !

P. COURTIER.

THE DEATH OF MENROCH:

[FROM THE ERSE. 1345.]

BY G. WALKER.

MOURNS the Maid of Urin's shore,
 Mourns she to the ocean's roar?
 Mourns she for her lover slain,
 O'er the dark and dusky plain?
 Cease thy wailing, maiden fair!
 Menroch ne'er can soothe thy care.
 Thy warrior brave is sunk to rest;
 Green's the turf on Menroch's breast.
 At night, his ghost dejected groans,
 To hear thy plaints, to hear thy moans:
 Cease then, maiden fair, Oh cease,
 And let thy lover rest in peace!

So the brave, who die in fight,
 Close their eyes in endless night;
 Or, by their lover's wailing torn,
 Quit the grave, to steal forlorn
 O'er the dark and dreary waste,
 Like flitting winds in hurried haste:
 Or beneath the craggy steep,
 Sigh responses to the deep;
 Echo to the sorrowing waves
 That Scotia's shore incessant laves:
 Cease then, maiden fair, Oh cease,
 And let thy lover rest in peace!

Brave was Menroch in the fight,
 Gleam'd his sword like flashing light;
 Glad, exulting, when he rose
 To rush upon his country's foes
 Like a torrent—nought could stay
 His arm in its destructive way:
 Champions fam'd for deeds of might
 Sunk before him in the fight;
 Purple was the blood-dy'd ground,
 Many an hero laid around:

 Cease then, maiden fair, Oh cease,
 And let thy lover rest in peace!

Fall'n is Menroch's lofty pride,
 Fall'n upon the mountain's side :
 The crafty Molloch, hid beneath
 The hawthorn on the northern heath,
 Dealt the keen unerring blow,
 That laid the mighty Menroch low !
 Now, his ghost at midnight wakes,
 And thy grief full fore partakes ;
 Sighs in cadence to thy tale,
 Or deeply murmurs in the gale :
 Cease then, maiden fair, Oh cease,
 And let thy lover rest in peace !

TO THE ROSES.

DROOP, O ye modest Roses, and no more
 Beam forth such shining rays, but rather shed—
 Shed your rich hues, and from the lily's store
 Array yourselves forlorn in purest white ;
 Cast from your forms whatever may charm the sight,
 And hang your heads upon the dewy bed :
 For now, alas ! Lavinia's tender care
 No longer shields ye from the pelting storm,
 Or the bleak northern blast ; no hand attends
 To prune the faded sprigs and leaves away :
 But cankers, now, must gnaw your blossoms bare,
 March your fair buds, their symmetry deform—
 And, as the sand which on some mountain's side
 Where rarely the froze winds can gain access)
 Hath tarried long, by the warm sun addrest,
 Lies at th' approach of Africus' keen blast,
 So shall your slender forms be swept afar ;
 For shall it boot ye, that your fragrance once
 Hung on the bosom of the richest Fair
 Hath ever comforted the soul of man—
 Give to torment and rack ye with the thought
 That ye shall never grace that bosom more.

MISERICUS.

ODE TO AMICUS.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

FRRIEND of my heart ! you ask, in vain !
 I cannot from my much-lov'd lyre
 Call forth the rapid, glowing strain :

Chill'd is the Muse's genial fire ;
 Sunk in profound repose she lies,
 Lethæan slumbers seal her eyes.

For see, no fair scene smiles around,
 No warm sun bids the buds uncloze ;
 No wild flowers sweet bedeck the ground,
 No stream in lulling murmurs flows ;
 No birds gay carol in the trees,
 Nor sighs the foliage to the breeze :

But all is cheerless, bleak, and bare,
 Save where just peeps the snow-drop's bell :
 Chill fogs hang heavy on the air,
 The blast raves loudly through the dell ;
 And wet, and numb'd, the toiling swain
 Unwilling treads the miry plain.

Ask you, how I contrive to spend
 The long-protracted gloomy hours,
 Since now, no more the Muse, my friend,
 Exerts her care-dispelling powers ?
 List : I will tell you how I strive
 Far from my breast dark thoughts to drive :

If not too sternly frowns the day ;
 From social breakfast, when I rise,
 I to the busy city stray,
 And ask some politician wise—
 What army's beat, what state must fall
 Before the hateful anarchy, Gaul.

But, much more do I love to meet
 The tender friends my heart holds dear :
 Encharmed, to their converse sweet,
 I listen with attentive ear ;
 Till pining Sorrow sleeps awhile,
 And Pleasure wakes again to smile.

There, as I gaze on Stella's eyes,
 Though mute, that eloquently speak;
 Hear Laura's voice, like Zephyr's sighs,
 And mark the bloom on Mira's cheek;
 I think on her, the maid divine,
 In whom these varied beauties join!

Should winds and clouds the day deform,
 I bid the cheering fire blaze bright,
 And, shelter'd from the driving storm,
 From morning dawn till dusky night
 I sit, like some sage wight profound,
 With countless volumes scatter'd round.

Intent, with curious eye I pore
 O'er many a philosophic scroll,
 Search History's exhaustless store,
 The deeds of elder time unroll;
 See varied legions crowd the field,
 And free-born states to tyrants yield.

Turn the Chian-minstrel's page,
 There, brutal Diomed appears;
 There stern Pelides' quenchless rage,
 There sad Andromache in tears:
 I sigh o'er godlike Hector's fate,
 And lofty Ilion's sinking state.

Oh, rapt by Ariosto's verse,
 Or her who sang on Mulla's shore,
 In combat firm, with monsters fierce,
 Rush to where swells the battle's roar;
 Or wand'ring, fray through fairy bowers,
 Through trophied halls, and moss-clad towers.

Lo, Shakespeare waves his potent wand:
 On wings of wind light spirits ride,
 Embodied, at his high command,
 Sons of past years before me glide:
 Aw'd by the wild and solemn tones,
 My soul his mighty magic owns.

With tender Petrarch, sad, I weep ;
 The realms of woe with Dante dare :
 On daring wing, with Milton sweep
 Heaven's arch ; and breathe inspiring air :
 Or, hurried to the Boreal clime,
 I trace the mystic, Runic-rhyme.

Thus charm'd, unmask'd each moment steals,
 Till scar'd by midnight-bell, unblest,
 I seek my bed ;—where soft sleep seals
 My weary eyes, in balmy rest ;
 And, glowing with each favourite theme,
 I, of love, hope, and sorrow dream.

Inglorious now on silent wings,
 Thus moves day after day along ;
 But soon my lov'd lyre's slumbering strings
 Will I awake ; soon shall the song
 Sacred to glory's awful charms,
 In rapid numbers call to arms !

SONNET.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND.

FREDERIC belov'd ; though from my tearful eyes,
 Sever'd, full many a league of earth and main,
 Yet, still alas ! to thee I breathe my sighs,
 And, though unheard, still tell my bosom's pain.
 Frederic—for thee, to all the guardian powers
 That, viewless, hover round, I speed the prayer :
 Till thy return, the tardy-footed hours
 I chide with anxious, unavailing care.
 When wilt thou, wanderer on this peaceful shore,
 Safe from the strife of hostile hosts repose ?
 When shall I to thy faithful breast, once more,
 Confide of mine, the mournful tale of woes ?
 Thou wilt, I know, to the sad tale attend,
 Nor chill with frowning brow thy anguish'd friend.

ODE TO BEAUTY.

BY J. JACKSON.

WHILE venal Bards attempt to raise
 The clarion of destructive war,
 And bid the trembling nations gaze
 On some insatiate Conqueror's car;
 Oh! let me fly the hateful scenes,
 Where Pity dies at Mis'ry's screams,
 Where Carnage, drunk with human gore,
 Trails his mail'd chariot round the German shore;
 Oh! let me seek th' Arcadian bow'rs,
 Where blushing Virtue loves to rove,
 Where Venus leads the roseate hours,
 And melts the soul to love;
 Then, while Ambition desolates the earth,
 Let Virtue guide my lays, but Pysche give them birth.
 But hark! what pæans meet mine ear,
 And float upon the gale?
 'Tis Beauty's awful choir I hear,
 Mortals! all bid her hail!
 Not with the lewd indecent mien,
 As oft at Cytherea seen;
 Not with the bold and wanton glare—
 She comes, confess'd, the Queen of *British Fair*!
 O Goddess! let my soul to thee aspire,
 Take—take the “ vernal fruits that ripen on my lyre.”
 Without thee, Beauty, what is life?
 Nought but an airy glitt'ring dream,
 Where passions swell a ceaseless strife,
 And death concludes the scene.
 But ah! 'tis thine, celestial pow'r!
 To weave with bliss the fleeting hour;
 'Tis thine to warm the savage breast,
 To cheer the mind by grief oppress;
 Wake the stern soul from apathy supine;
 To turn the frigid youth to man,
 And rear that plant * which science first began,
 Its root of mental worth, its flow'r of bloom divine.

* Sensibility.

Dear were the hours, when led by study pale,
 I pac'd the cloisters with a stoic's pride,
 Heard of thy pow'r, and wonder'd at the tale,
 For learning's cynic voice bade passion's gust subside :
 But ah ! when bursting from the school,
 I felt what Beauty could inspire,
 Say, did I spurn scholastic rule,
 And string to thee my lyre ?
 I did, by all the pow'rs above ;
 I felt, I breath'd the force of love ;
 Prostrate before thy hallow'd throne,
 I tasted blifs before unknown ;
 While shiv'ring transports through my spirits ran,
 Call'd nature into life, and told me I was man.

Thou source of ev'ry heartfelt joy !
 Dear source of blifs below,
 Blifs that shall never know alloy,
 And joy that e'er shall flow ;
 O ! ever to my raptur'd view
 Paint thy daughters fair and new ;
 Let the eye, with modest roll,
 Thrill keen raptures through my soul :
 Let the bosom, half reveal'd,
 Swelling o'er the magic zone,
 Tell what beauties lie conceal'd,
 Tell—what Nature fain would own.
 Then, like Paris, let me gaze,
 Let me tune my shell to praise,
 Roses round my brows entwine,
 And sink, o'erpow'd in love, a victim at thy shrine.

Still will I pour th' impassion'd strain,
 Still will I sweep the votive lyre,
 With garlands deck thy holy fane,
 And feed with liberal hand affection's genial fire :
 And still with gratitude I'll trace
 That day—when, flush'd with ev'ry grace,
 When added to the sculptor'd frame,
 Thine orbs express an angel's flame,
 When Hebe deck'd thy glowing cheek,
 And heav'n beheld a sight too fair for man to speak ;

Oh! then, in splendour to our isle you came,
While wanton Cupids shouted forth your name,
Built in my ravish'd heart thy sacred throne,
And stamp't on SARA's form the image of thine own.
Rotherhithe.

SONNETS

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

TO MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

A DIEU, my friend! in Grantham's far-off bowers,
May smiling Peace and Friendship on thee wait;
May bright-ey'd Pleasure chase the ling'ring hours,
And thine be rosy Health of heart elate.
But, ah, at parting day, or blushing dawn;
Whether you wander by the tinkling rill,
Or press with footsteps light the dewy lawn,
Or breathe the pure air on the breezy hill;
Or if, when sleeps the tired swain, you rove
In sweetest converse with the chosen pair,
Where the wan moon-beam gilds the fading grove;
Yet, sometimes, wing to heaven a silent prayer,
For that dear band of friends far left behind;
Nor be forgot the youth to misery long resign'd.
October, 1796.

TO A FRIEND WITH MY PORTRAIT.

WITH an approving smile, beloved friend,
Receive my image: trust me, though chill-woe
Long hath my heart assail'd, still it can glow
With fond affection; still it loves to bend
At Friendship's holy shrine.—Perchance the sleep
Of death, ere long, my weary lids may seal;
And I shall cease the world's sad pains to feel.
Then, down thy cheek the tender tear will creep,
As pensive gazing on my pictur'd-form,
Thou think'st how oft Misfortune's wintry storm

I sighing bore.—But wayward fate may change ;
 Fortune, once more may smile, and Health return ;
 Yet shall not these from thee my heart estrange ;
 Still with life's flame, Friendship's undim'd shall burn.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

LO, from their beds the timid flow'rs are peeping,
 To drink the sun's warm-vivifying ray ;
 The gladden'd birds begin to carol gay ;
 The weary tempest idly now is sleeping :—
 O'er the sedg'd brook young Zephyr softly creeping,
 Forms many a dimple in his wanton play ;
 The trees are budding forth their new array—
 Yet lorn I rove, my eyes are dim with weeping.
 I cannot joyous hail the sun bright shining ;
 The budding trees, the mildly breathing air ;
 The merry birds their melodies combining ;
 For I am sad, the victim of despair—
 Say, heeds the captive in his cell reclining,
 Whether the passing day be foul or fair ?

YE spirits pure, who o'er each plant presiding,
 In secret cells their potent gums prepare ;
 Ye who chase baneful vapours from the air,
 Viewless, in legions, on the swift winds riding :
 Ye, who through beds of ore the clear springs guiding,
 With chymic art dissolve each atom rare ;
 And ye who make the mineral tribes your care,
 Deep in the dark and cavern'd earth abiding :
 O mighty bands, your friendly aid intreating,
 Trembling I bend, nor let my suit be vain ;
 Lo, from Miranda's cheek the rose is fleeting ;
 Her eyes'-dim'd lustre, speak the force of pain ;
 I only ask—my heart with friendship beating,
 Some sovereign balm to bring fair health again.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

I ASK no talisman to shield from harm
 My form ; for lo ! encircled close, I bear
 A far more noble, far more potent charm,
 Than e'er was wrought by wise enchanter's care.
 While on my breast reclines this treasur'd hair,
 Not one, of all the dark and busy swarm
 Of imps unholy, fraught with wild alarm,
 Shall foolishly-presuming, ever dare,
 With wily arts, to seek an entrance there ;
 But vanish all, like phantoms of the night :
 For, not, near aught of one so pure, so fair,
 Can rest the troublous legions of affright.
 There must soft Pity breathe her tender spell,
 There spotless Love, and Virtue only dwell.

TO SERENA.

THERE are who wake the soul-inspiring string,
 The deeds of Vice and Folly to adorn ;
 But, o'er the chords, no venal hand I fling ;
 Alike, the hireling and his lord I scorn :
 Alone to those of Truth and Feeling born,
 Shall my free Muse her votive incense bring.
 Oh, then Serena ! mild as infant spring,
 To thee, whose friendship fain would root the thorn
 Of stubborn sorrow, from my heart forlorn,
 Uncensur'd, may I pour the heartfelt strain ;
 For pure thy soul, as heav'n's eternal morn,
 There all supreme the gentle virtues reign.
 What fame unfading, would, to me belong,
 Were, but as perfect as thy life, my song !

THE ERL; OR, OAK KING.

A DANISH BALLAD.

Imitated from the Water King, in the Novel of the Monk.

CLEAR shone the moon, the winds were laid,
The mother strok'd her darling's head;
"O! go, my child! your father stays—
"Go seek him in the forest's maze."

The blue-ey'd boy, he wander'd forth,
He bent his footsteps to the North;
He mark'd the grey smoke rise amain—
He'll never see that smoke again.

He saw the cottage windows white
With the full-moon's meridian light;
And little thought the blue-ey'd boy
They ne'er again should meet his eye.

He ran along the pathway wide,
He sang beneath the tall tree's pride;
He pull'd the closing flowers, and took
The glow-worm from her grassy nook.

The Oak-king saw the blue-ey'd boy,
He mark'd his face, and childish joy;
He flung away his leafy crown,
And from his green throne hasten'd down.

He put him on a robe of red,
He plac'd a gold crown on his head,
And, breaking from a branching oak,
Thus to the blue-ey'd boy he spoke:—

"Come, little Dane! come, go with me;
"I'll give you roses four times three;
"I'll give you roses three times four;
"I'll give you all my garden's store.

"Come, little Dane! O come with me—
"A golden toy I'll give to thee;
"And thou shalt pass thy life away
"In freedom sweet, and joyous play."

The blue-ey'd boy, he look'd and smil'd—

"O no! I am another's child;

"I will not leave my mother dear,

"Though you so good and rich appear."

"My little Dane! O, say not so—

"For you with me shall surely go;

"The golden toy I'll give to thee,

"And yet thou shalt not live with me.

"My princely palace is hard by,

"So come with me, my blue-ey'd boy;

"The golden toy shalt thou receive,

"But first, one fond embracement give."

The boy he stretch'd his eager arms,
He kiss'd him with affection's charms;
And little thought the simple thing,
He kiss'd the cruel forest king.

The Erl he took him by the hand,
He led him o'er the green-grafs bland,
Through mazy walks, and vallies low,
He forc'd the little Dane to go.

"O, white-hair'd man! I pray thee, stop—

"I cannot reach yon mountain's top!"

"O, hush, my little love! for now

"We come upon that mountain's brow."

"O stop! O stop!—my breath is gone,

"I cannot run such steep heights down;"

"O, hush, my little love! for now

"We've almost reach'd the dell below."

"O, white-hair'd man!—yon cavern wide!—

"Is *that* the place where you reside?"

"It is, it is; yon cavern deep

"Is now the bed where you must sleep."

He fell upon the blue-ey'd boy,

He rent his limbs with horrid joy.

"O father! father!—mother dear!—

"O help!—for God's sake! hasten here!"

The forest king he drank his blood—
His loud cries echo through the wood;
The father heard his darling moan,
As through those woods he journey'd on.

He listen'd to his latest groan,
Yet thought not of his little son;
"Some forest spirit shrieks!"—he cried,
Then struck into the path-way wide.

The blue-ey'd boy, he call'd no more—
The cruel Erl his body tore—
He eat of every lovely part,
And drain'd the life-blood from his heart.

"O! wherefore stays my only joy!
"Why comes not home my blue-ey'd boy?"
The anxious mother sigh'd and said,
As at her cottage door she staid—

"O! wherefore stays my blue-ey'd boy!"
She wip'd the big tear from her eye;
The blue-ey'd boy, he did appear,
He came to see his parent dear.

"O mother! I am dead and gone—
"Three times this night you heard me groan;
"But," 'tis the waving woods,' "you said,
"And now, your little Dane is dead.

"O mother! mother! do not weep—
"But in those arms I ne'er must sleep:
"The Oak-king's cruel arts destroy
"The childhood of your hapless boy.

"O mother! mother! fare thee well;
"I hear the morning's warning bell."
"O! stay, my little Dane! O stay!
"And tell me where thy dear limbs lay!"

"O mother sweet! I must not speak;
"See, how I fade in vapours weak!"
"O! stay, my boy! but one sad kiss—
"Ah! grant thy wretched mother this!"

She stretch'd her arms, but vapours blue
Alone her eager lips bedew :—
Her little Dane is vanish'd quite,
And morning brings her hateful light.

From hence, ye guileless youths, beware !
And trust not looks, nor accents fair ;
Be tempted not by pleasure's toy,
Nor fall not like the blue-ey'd boy !

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

TO A YOUNG LADY

Who requested me to write some Verses on her Lap-dog.

WHY, tuneful Maid ! of me require
A strain which thou alone canst give ?
That portion of poetic fire
Which SCOUT shall feel, and feeling, live.

The bard who can to future times
The subjects of his muse convey,
Must build those everlasting rhimes
Which throne e'en heroes of a day.

But I, a most unsolid wight,
Raise but the bubble of an hour :
Nor could my whole exerted might
Avert Oblivion's crushing pow'r.

Could I but frame a lasting shrine,
Meet for thy favorite and thy friend ;
Then would I dig Parnassus' mine,
For I must dig that shrine to blend :

Nor think my plough-like efforts lost,
Should I the mountain-mire retain,
And with much trouble, toil, and cost,
The honors of a Potter gain.

But SCOUT in firmer hues shall stand
Then this faint pen could ever know ;
For, see—thy Brother's abler hand
Hath trac'd his form with nature's glow.

Among the trophies which our isle
 From pictur'd genius still receives,
 Shall SCOUT attract th' approving smile
 Of loveliest maids, and Fame's bright leaves.

And how the little cur would look,
 To see my dim prosaic page?
 His picture here, and there my book:
 My book would ne'er outlive his rage!

WOODVILLE.

TO CHARLOTTE.

FORGIVE me, if now I renew
 What lately I utter'd in song:
 Give gentle Myrtilla her due;
 And prove, that fair Charlotte is wrong:
 Tis an act which my honor demands,
 And that honor I still must revere;
 For each nymph would disclaim at my hands
 A garland she deem'd insincere.

But, Charlotte, you are not the first
 Whose judgment has question'd my strain;
 And, thinking my praises unjust,
 Replied—"Your enticements are vain;"
 May I hope for belief when I say,
 What still I can truly affirm,
 That I never yet fashion'd the lay
 Where flattery dictated a term.

Tis true, I am weak, and I feel
 The magic of beauty divine;
 And, feeling, I cannot ensteel
 The tribute which wakens my line:
 A tribute I ever must give
 Where virtue and beauty unite;
 And hope that my verses may live,
 While those shall impel me to write.

* A
 dispositi
 the life

Methought that in Charlotte was seen
 The mildness that graces my love !
 A beauty benignly serene,
 A temper unfolded above.
 And could I that beauty neglect ?
 And did I that temper admire !
 Myrtilla herself must respect
 The theme which these motives inspire.

P. COURTIER.

EPISTLE, ADDRESSED TO
 MR. BENTLEY*,
 OF LEADENHALL-STREET.

BENTLEY, oft-times I've wonder'd at thy plan,
 'That in th' unsocial being, hides the man ;
 T'unfold the mystic cause, perplex'd my brain,
 But still I find the arduous task is vain :—
 In Learning's mazy path, 'tis said, thou'st trod,
 And wander'd through fair Science' thorny road ;
 That thou hast travers'd fam'd Italia's plains—
 Great school of arts, where Raphael, Titian reigns.
 The social throng thou'st led to festive glee ;
 Who more refin'd, more eloquent than thee !
 Ev'n wealth had wish'd thy pleasures then to share,
 For pleasure then was all thy thought and care.
 Then why this sad reverse ? For, ah, thy mind
 Is grown disgusted, weary of mankind.
 Strange and mysterious is the hidden cause,
 That makes thee turn from Nature's social laws :
 For, from the world retir'd, almost alone,
 Thy life is useless, and thy worth unknown.
 Say, art thou sicken'd at the world's deceit,
 The courtier's smile, and subtle statesman's cheat ;
 Or, has declining Merit droop'd her head,
 And Vice exulting reign'd in Virtue's stead ?
 Perhaps imperious Love usurp'd thy soul,
 Rag'd at thy heart, and o'er thy bosom stole ;

* A man, who, possessing a cultivated mind and generous
 Disposition, assumes the character of a Misanthrope, and lives
 the life of a Hermit.

To some false fair, perhaps, thou'st bent the knee,
 Who scorn'd alike thy tender suit and thee,
 And to some worthless fool her honour gave,
 The son of Fashion, or base Lucre's slave :
 If so, I know thy pangs, for I have lov'd,
 And through th' Elysian paths of beauty rov'd.
 Kind was Maria—gentle—lovely—fair—
 And I was blest'd—for all my heaven was there !
 But ah ! th' Eternal Power that rules the earth,
 That guides, directs, and gave Creation birth,
 Snatch'd from these longing arms their only love,
 And bore her to the realms of bliss above.
 The woes I felt what language can impart !
 Cold was the blood that trickled to my heart—
 Distraction wild on every thought was borne,
 My hopes were blasted, and my bosom torn.
 Sudden I fought dark Melancholy's shade,
 To mourn in secret o'er the ravish'd maid !
 Thus, Sympathy has taught me now to frame
 A cause for that which others harshly blame.
 But ah ! unknown to thee, the Bard who sings,
 Who tunes to gentle strains his humble strings ;
 Though void of fortune, and obscure his name,
 He scorns the venal path that leads to fame :
 Impell'd by other's good, he grieves to find
 Those virtues hid which might improve mankind.
 And, BENTLEY, think on life's uncertain span—
 Few are, at most, the days allow'd to man :
 Some thankless heir shall riot in thy gains—
 The fruits of labour—solitary pains—
 Who, whilst he quaffs the purple liquor down,
 Perhaps thy memory in the juice shall drown.
 Then, be advis'd—rejoin the festive throng,
 Let Mirth and Joy the fleeting hours prolong ;
 Let Pleasure round thy brows her wreath entwine,
 And rosy love, and careless mirth be thine !

JOHN DOBBINSON.

PALMYRA.

A TALE.

FAR from the splendid world, amid the wild
 Romantic scenery of the Cambrian rocks,
 Where the wave dashes o'er the whiten'd cliff,
 And from the mountain's summit, tree-enrob'd,
 Thunders the falling torrent: where the vale
 Spreads its broad breast, the savage hills between,
 Waving its yellow harvest on the wind;
 Where tangled beech, and lime, thick interwove,
 Shadow the tasteful dome, and hang their boughs
 Round the low lattice, open to the gales
 That waft the woodbine's and the vine's perfume;
 Where from the opposing rocks' gigantic heights,
 Heights thyme-encover'd, leaps the infant kid,
 Daring, and thoughtless, like the youth of man—
 The brave Lyfander liv'd;—from toil retir'd,
 He bade his laurels mingle with the crown
 Which acorn buds engarland; he had wont
 To live amid the dangers of a camp,
 But now his useless arms lay vacant by,
 And serv'd alone to illustrate the tale
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes, and cities storm'd in blood:
 Yes, he would often at the evening hour,
 When the warm fire amid the social walls
 Shed genial heat, and from the snowy wax
 Flam'd mimic day upon the startled eye;
 When the rain rattled on the shelter'd roof,
 And the wind rag'd impotent; then, O then,
 Drawn to the cheerful hearth, he'd sit and talk,
 Smile, glow, or weep, as memory thrill'd his heart.
 Meanwhile with animation, sweetness, grace,
 His only child sat listening to the tale;
 And now and then the silent tear would drop
 O'er her lost mother's charms, her mother's worth;
 That tear her sainted parent's spirit saw,
 Exhal'd to heav'n, and treasured on her heart.
 Palmyra was as fair as she was young,
 The tenderest rose, that in yon briar'd dell

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Opens sequester'd, soften'd o'er her cheek ;
 The clearest lily which Italia's bower
 Boasts as its pride, was polish'd on her neck,
 And blanch'd far whiter, for her swelling breast.
 Round *her* cheek (vein inlaid) the silken hair
 In many an amber ring luxuriant curl'd—
 Thence, rich in liberal loveliness alone,
 O'er her low shoulders, like a sunny stream,
 It poured its yellow light ; or graceful wreath'd,
 With bands of field flow'rs, closer to her head
 She wove its fair profusion ; or in nets
 Of silvery tint, captiv'd its plenteous charms.
 Oft thro' the tressy gold, her azure eyes
 Smil'd sportive joyance, or far dearer sent
 Long streams of sweetness to the softening soul :
 India's white pearls, reposed within her lips,
 Where blush'd the ruby thro' a liquid veil,
 Around whose deepen'd sweets un-number'd loves,
 And chaster graces, waved the snowy wing.—
 Ah ! she was lovelier than the boasted fair
 Who rous'd contending monarchies to arms ;
 Fairer than Venus in her softest hours,
 More than Minerva awful, and in form
 The graceful huntress of the groves, whose limbs
 The light winds mist enamour'd, as she flew,
 Knew no perfection, like Palmyra's shape.—
 Her's was the arm full finish'd, and her neck
 Long as the swan's, that laves its milky sides
 In Cayster's wave ; her's too, the rising breast,
 Rounded by beauty's hand ; the graceful limb,
 The foot elastic, and the ancle slight :
 Her's every grace of form, and charm of face ;
 Her's, every virtue that expands the heart,
 And every love that animates the mind.—
 Nurs'd in these scenes, her happy thoughts ne'er ro'v'd
 To Grandeur's domes, or Fashion's painted mall,—
 She lov'd the walk tree-shaded, and the bank
 Where, cast among the high grass, the might turn,
 Fearless, the page of hist'ry or the muse.
 Mild as the dove, yet like her native kid
 Gay, and unbroke in spirit, she was wont
 To weave the light dance by the moon-light wave,

Or form the rural concert in the bower
 Which nature's care had tapestried with rose;
 There to the Cambrian girls, her dulcet voice,
 Self-taught, would breathe the note and trill the shake.
 Yet soon, fair maid! these virtuous pleasures flee,
 Soon heaves that white breast with the filial sigh,
 And from those eyes still brilliant with the ray
 Of former joy, the rushing tears must pour:
 Far, far away thy only hope shall go—
 Britain's proud banners fly upon the coast;
 Embattl'd are her sons, and every voice
 Calls for Lysander, still to lead them on.
 Lysander goes, and granted to her prayers,
 Her looks persuasive, and her frantic sobs,
 Palmyra journeys with him: to the gales
 Of piercing Belgia she commits her form,
 And looks undaunted on the fields of ice!
 Ah! no more Palmyra sees the red sun
 Sink in peace, o'er rocks illum'd with gold,
 And marks with soothing melancholy, rise
 The moon, slow glimmering on the tepid wave.
 No more she rambles thro' the quiet wood
 When all is hush'd, and silence, night, and calm,
 Lock the whole world in slumber; she must now
 Sit lonely in the tent, and trembling wait
 The doubtful issue of the unequal fight—
 Yet still, o'er good Lysander's warlike head
 Heav'n spread its shield defensive, and preserv'd
 The little remnant of his days for her.
 And now from Albion's native coast, arrives
 The bark full-fraught with many a valiant heart—
 Thine, O Pyrocles! madden'd with its fire;
 Yet in his proud veins beat a stronger pulse,
 For love ungrateful, for perfidious charms
 Once thought his own—now barter'd for a name:
 Doting, yet stung, he left the hated scene,
 And came to bury, in his first campaign,
 Either his form amid a heap of foes,
 Or banish passion for a nobler flame.
 To him, Palmyra lov'd to tell her griefs,
 To mourn o'er gallant enemies, or pour

The tender flood for each familiar face—
 Pyrocles heard, and mixed his tears with hers ;
 But his flowed deeper, for his bitter fate
 Poison'd the source of pure humanity ;
 He wept himself, and thought but of his love.—
 Yet, (for he saw her lovely, and he found
 Her artless sweetness penetrate his soul)—
 He sought her paths, and as her pitying sighs
 Answer'd his own, he felt his grief less strong ;
 But still, for Lesbia false, he rav'd and wept,
 And all the live-long night his pillow'd couch
 Steep'd he, in tears of bitterness and truth.
 Palmyra, mark'd his sorrows as they rose,
 Heard his loud sighs, and watch'd with troubl'd fear,
 The big drop hastening o'er his youthful cheek ;
 But if he smiled, and cast his heav'nly eyes
 But kindly on her, and with magic voice
 Utter'd one word of peace ; if to his lips
 Grateful, her hand was held, she trembled straight,
 Chill tremors shook her frame, and then rush'd back
 In floods of fire, to swell her throbbing heart ;
 O'er her fair face the sudden blush would pass,
 And beautiful confusion in her eye,
 Point downwards.—

Ah ! then, 'twas sweet to cull for him alone
 The gifts of love, to wreath the martial sword
 With the gay braid, and give the gorgets gold
 To sparkle mid the ribbon knots she form'd—
 To pick the dainties of their scanty store,
 And spread them all before him, or when sad,
 To check the full tear in her tender eye,
 Dress it in smiles, and look him into peace.
 Yet not in rapture flew her days away ;
 The moon that saw him restless for the sake
 Of faithless Lesbia, pitying too beheld
 Her bursting anguish for the secret flame—
 All night with ceaseless misery, she call'd
 On his lov'd name, and blamed the partial fates
 That had denied such charms as won his love.
 Plung'd in deep grief, each heavy hour she pass'd,
 Save when his well-known voice, and martial foot
 Call'd the quick blood to mantle in her face ;

Then, in blind pleasure lost, she yielded all
 To wild, wild dreams, and thought not of despair.
 And now, six tedious moons had worn away,
 Since mourn'd Pyrocles, and Palmyra lov'd—
 When rous'd to arms, the hurried soldiers pour,
 Eager, from all the camp; with tortured heart,
 Shrieks, tears, and prayers, Palmyra sees them go:
 On her fond father's breast she weeps in vain,
 And strong in anguish holds him to her heart;
 Torn from his arms, she lifts her streaming eyes,
 Pyrocles pensive meets them—O! what floods
 Of fiercer torture seizes on her soul!
 She dared not weep in torrents, dare not call
 On heaven, by all her love, to spare his life;
 She dare not catch him to her bursting heart,
 And die in grief delirious in his arms:
 What can she do? her offer'd hand he takes,
 Prints it with kisses grateful, and departs
 Fix'd like a statue, marble, cold, and mute,
 Awhile she gazes on him, then falls prone,
 Senseless and madd'ning on the carnag'd earth.
 Ah! when she woke, she knew not that his breast,
 Heaving, sustain'd her; that his eager lips
 Fasten'd on her's, and that his magic eye
 Wash'd her white bosom in its frantic tears:
 Dreading his soul, he tore himself away,
 Leaving Palmyra to a woman's care.
 And now with mingled faith, and doubt, and hope,
 All the uncertainties of love and youth,
 The hours go by; the shouts of triumph pierce
 The vaulted sky, and England's colours float,
 High o'er the captive walls: Palmyra now
 Seeks her brave parent, and in his embrace
 Loses a moment every fonder care;
 But from his neck arose, with rapid glance
 She darts her wild eye thro' the crowded youths
 Who in gay scarlet's pomp, and looks that beam
 Valour's true soul, surround their general's form;
 Alas! she marks not there her soldier's face—
 Cold shudderings seize her frame; a moment lost,
 Stupid and blank she stands, then rushing forth,

Distracted, breathless, o'er the sanguine plain
 Flies with unsteady step; where'er she goes
 Death's latest groan, and fond affection's sigh,
 Startle her madd'ning ear—she stops o'erpower'd,
 Bewilder'd, pitying, agoniz'd, and faint;
 Then swifter rushes forward, and with eyes
 Fearless, and scorch'd, she searches for her love.
 Ah! who is he, amid yon slaughter'd heap,
 Fair as the graceful lily, that the winds,
 The rude, rude winds of heav'n, have fallen low?
 On his young breast the fatal wound appears,
 And in his hair dishevell'd, which so late
 Like wreaths of mist around the ev'ning star,
 Blew o'er his eyes, love-darting; nerveless lies
 That hand which held the sword. O, hapless girl!
 He who so lovely sleeps in death, is now
 What was Pyrocles; on his bosom, flung
 With frenzied energy, Palmyra's heart
 Rains down its bursting torrent.
 Lost in woe, a shiv'ring sigh awakes her—
 Fix'd awhile, with anxious eye, and speechless,
 She beholds his breast slow-heaving, and his lip
 By fits convulsive starting; joy of joy!
 Once more the deep sigh bursts upon the air—
 “He lives! he lives! yes, my Pyrocles lives!”
 That name arrests the pious soldier's foot,
 And borne assiduous to the conquer'd town,
 Pyrocles lives to hail the gates he won:
 Yet not of young Palmyra's care he knows;
 He dreams not, that for him, thro' piles of slain
 She rov'd undaunted; yet, with grateful eye,
 He sees her watching by his painful couch.—
 O! ye who love, and love the martial youth
 Whom glory fires, and danger robes in blood,
 If ye have ever watch'd beside the bed
 Where lay that youth most valued, and have heard
 His deep groans echo thro' the dead of night—
 O! ye can tell what thrilling tortures went,
 What icy pangs, to sad Palmyra's soul:
 As from the morn till eve, from eve till morn,
 She sat unwearied by her soldier's side;
 Wept when he sigh'd, and madden'd when he groan'd.

Ah! many a dreary hour, she sat and shed
The tears of anxious fear and hopeless love.
Once, while he lay in slumber deep involv'd,
Thus, in a whisper'd murmur to herself,
She breath'd the sorrows of her tender breast:

"O thou best lov'd! for whose adored sake
"I watch and weep, and know no peaceful hour—
"Thou, on whose form upon the dreadful field,
"Cast frantic, I lamented; and when safe,
"Here in this scene, I prayed for, and still lov'd
"With fonder, purer passion—O! if e'er
"This charmless frame should fill thy gentle heart;
"If e'er my ceaseless love could merit thine,
"Or e'er possess it!—But that thought is vain—
"O! vain indeed—Alas! some other maid
"In proud Augusta's towers awaits his arms,
"While I!—O foolish! O unhappy girl!——"
Here the sad words amid her tears were lost,
While eager starting from his couch, the youth
Caught her white hands, and press'd them to his lips.—

"O! dearest, best!

"Most lovely, and most lov'd!" at length he cried—
"Too long this heart, to one as false as thou
"Art fond and precious, has remain'd devote—
"But now, be banish'd both her name and thought;
"Long has my soul been soften'd by thy worth,
"Long have I ardent gaz'd thy beauties o'er,
"And sigh'd impassion'd at each tender act;
"But not till now has the impetuous flame
"Burst from my lips, and told thee that I love—
"Yes, my Palmyra! could I at thy feet
"Fall swift, and fervent, thou shouldst see me now
"Prostrate before thee; but, alas! still weak,
"These arms alone can catch thee to my heart,
"And thus with fondest energy upbraid
"Thy false complaint!"

He ceas'd, and eager to his glowing breast
Snatch'd the fair maid, who tremb'ling, wrapt, amaz'd,
Blush'd, gasp'd, and sigh'd within his faithful arms.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

TO MYRTYLLA,

UNDER AFFLICTION FOR A DEPRAVED FRIEND.

CEASE, gentle Maid, to heave the friendly sigh,
 For one whose conduct merits not thy grief;
 Whose future life, I fear, will ne'er supply
 Aught that shall give thy troubled mind relief.

Alas!—like thee, too exquisite I feel
 The sense of innocence for ever past;
 And the strong workings of Affection's zeal
 Rising superior to Misconduct's blast.

No slight exertion of our mental pow'rs
 Can e'er obliterate the loves of youth,
 Expunge the mem'ry of our childish hours,
 And loose the ties of harmony and truth:

Then, in the mirror of succeeding life,
 Fond inexperience traces joys to come,
 Selects a play-mate for his future wife,
 And dreams of peace, prosperity, and home:

Then—young attachment forms his latest friend,
 And plans his journey 'mid this vale of tears;
 And burns with transports that shall never end,
 Through the long winter of declining years!

Of these fond visions of our infant day,
 Should one, increasing reason realize,
 Though, oft, malicious Slander will essay
 To dim the glories of th' invaluable prize,

Affection, still, may Calumny repel,
 And still the darts of Enmity defy;
 May quit the strand, ere furious billows swell,
 And pierce the clouds that veil her azure sky.

Not so, when foul depravity is found
 Deep in the heart where confidence was plac'd;
 When wretchedness and turpitude abound
 Within the breast, which seeming virtue grac'd.

O, can it be—that he, whose mild career,
Among the thorns of this distracted road,
Seem'd the fair prelude to that blissful sphere,
Where Hope celestial wings her bright abode :

Can he, to ev'ry sense of honour lost,
Lost to thy smiles, Myrtilla, can he sink
In base impurity ; by passion tost,
From hills of virtue to destruction's brink !

If so, Myrtilla—from thy mind reject
Whate'er relenting fondness would impart :
Nor let the friend you can no more respect,
Distress the moments of a virtuous heart.

P. COURTIER.

THE GYPSY.

THE village with the gloomy shade
Of even-tide embrown'd,
Is still ; no more with rural songs
The peaceful cots resound.

A Gipsy, shiv'ring with the cold,
And having lost her way,
Knocks at young William's lowly door,
And begs the night to stay.

William, who pitied the distress'd,
And to the poor was kind,
Unhappily, had lately lost
His former peace of mind :

Yet, the benighted wanderer,
He with a smile receiv'd ;
For those who were oppress'd with woe,
Ne'er left him unreliev'd.

He added fuel to his fire,
The frugal board he spread ;
And with a look of sad despair,
Unto the Gipsy said :

- " Know, welcome guest, my heart's a prey
 " To woe and deadly grief;
 " And much I dread I ne'er shall find
 " Or solace or relief!

 " The beauteous Anna, charming maid!
 " I love with tend'rest flame;
 " And late, with purest passion warm'd,
 " I to my Anna came,

 " Where, near the river's murm'ring stream,
 " We us'd so oft to meet;
 " And thought the envious moments pass'd,
 " As the swift waves, too fleet!

 " Anna, at length, with ling'ring step, -
 " And clouded face arriv'd;
 " To clothe her cheek with wonted smiles,
 " And sparkling joy, I striv'd.

 " In vain I vow'd eternal love,
 " I tried my skill in vain;
 " For Anna, with an angry frown,
 " Repuls'd her constant swain:

 " I tried to clasp her to my breast,
 " She tore herself away:
 " And never would she see my face
 " From that unhappy day!

 " Now soothe a wretched lover's pain
 " By thy foretelling pow'r;
 " And say, what was the unknown cause
 " Of that unlucky hour:

 " Tell me, if I may hope to live,
 " Or if I'm doom'd to die?"—
 The Gipsy heard th' afflicted youth,
 And answer'd with a sigh:

 " I know thy Anna is unkind,
 " The reason too I know;
 " Thou art thyself, alone, the cause
 " Of her and thine own woe.

" When lately in the rural dance,
 " Young Mary swoon'd away,
 " She fell into thy circling arms,
 " And in thy bosom lay :

" Unmindful of thy Anna, then,
 " She's left by thee to lead
 " A happy rival to her home,
 " From off the sportive mead.

" She pensive spent the ling'ring night,
 " Nor found repose or rest ;
 " For the smart pangs of jealousy
 " Disturb'd her wayward breast.

" The following morning Emma came,
 " And fann'd the kindling fire ;
 " She told her, Mary did thy heart
 " With anxious love inspire.

" Now, she has dropt the cheering hope
 " Of calling thee her own."
 The youth with horror turn'd his head,
 And utter'd with a groan—

" And does she think her swain untrue ?
 " And will she not relent ?
 " I'll hasten to her instantly,
 " And she will soon repent——

" Or, in her presence will I die,
 " Reproach her with the deed ;
 " And know if she can drop a tear,
 " To see her true-love bleed."

He rose, with horror in his looks,
 And fury in his eye ;
 Resolv'd to see his Anna's face,
 And in her sight to die.

The Gipsy started from her seat,
 And threw off her disguise—
 When, bath'd in tears, his Anna stood
 Before his wond'ring eyes :

" Come to my arms, thou injur'd youth !
 " Thy Anna's kind," (she cried)
 " Forgive, forgive my cruelty,
 " For now thy love I've tried."

William replied, with voice of joy—

" My Anna ! I forgive ;
 " Thou call'st me from the arms of death,
 " Within thine own to live !"

Tavistock.

E. A. BRAY.

EPIGRAM.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

On a dissatisfied ill-tempered Man.

STILL restless, still chopping, and changing about ;
 Still enlarging, re-building, and making a rout ;
 Little Timothy, *outré* as it may appear,
 Pulls down, and builds up again, ten times a year.
 With this altering rage, poor dissatisfied elf,
 What a pity it is, he don't alter himself.

INSCRIPTION

Written in a Recess in Kensington Gardens.

BY THE SAME.

O LOST to decency ! ye scribb'ling elves,
 Who scare the modest, and expose yourselves ;
 To blot these friendly walls, what madness fires ?
 Think ye, that wit, the verse obscene, inspires ?
 Mistaken fools ! wit holds ye all in scorn ;
 Your lines are but of dirt and dullness born :
 Go, break your pencils, bend from hence your flight,
 And hide your faces in congenial night.
 But, if ye must be busy, haste, and find
 Employment suited to the vulgar mind ;
 Cleanse the foul chimney, or with care convey
 From crowded streets, obstructing mire away :
 But never more, rude ribalds ! dare molest
 The sacred spot, where beauty, tir'd, would rest.

EPIGRAM.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

To an impotent and scurrilous Lamphooner.

POOR, fore-strung elf, thy puny efforts cease;
 Thy pointless strains can never wound my peace:
 The cur that grins, but wants the power to bite,
 May raise my laughter; but must fail to fright.
 Son of Scurrility! a countless train
 Of foes, like thee, would only meet disdain.
 Yet, still, one way remains mine ire to raise—
 And but one way—to curse me with thy praise!

SONNETS.

BY THE SAME.

ON RE-VISITING HOLLAND HOUSE, ALONE.

THROUGH these dark groves, no more the zephyr
 creeps;
 The moon's meek ray. illumines these walls no more;
 But the wild blast, with boist'rous fury, sweeps
 Through the half-leafless trees, and turrets, hoar:
 Descending fast, from many a gloomy cloud,
 Driv'n by the tempest's rage, the drenching rain
 Beats on the massy pile, whose summit proud,
 In sullen grandeur frowns upon the plain.
 As slowly wandering, o'er the dank, chill ground,
 My footsteps press the fallen, foilage-sere,
 Methinks each leaf, with soft, but forceful sound,
 Bewails the dying beauties of the year.
 Ah, fast-expiring year! might I but close;
 With thy brief date, my pilgrimage of woes!
November, 1796.

TO HENRY,

ON RE-VISITING HOLLAND HOUSE, ALONE.

HOW chang'd the scene! since that remember'd night,
 When, in delightful musings rapt, we stray'd
 Through the long lofty grove's o'er-arching-shade,
 Soften'd by changeful Dian's pearly light;
 Or gaz'd upon the giant pile, bedight
 In robe of mellow tints, by hoar time made,
 And gave a sigh to those in dust low laid,
 Who mark'd, of years long past, the rapid flight.
 Chang'd is the scene! the blast raves through the grove;
 The wither'd foilage drives along the plain;
 Fast, from dark-gathering clouds, descends the rain.
 Heedless of angry elements, I rove—
 Henry, and sigh for thee! thy presence dear,
 Might spread a magic charm around this landscape drear.
November, 1796.

TO EMILIA.

“**S**AD is thy verse,” you cry; “yet, on thy cheek,
 The rose appears, still tearless are thine eyes:
 Thy converse gay, thy sorrow truth denies;
 All seems thy soul's serenity to speak.”
 Mistaken maid! say, must the heart that bleeds,
 Obtrusive, tell its agony aloud,
 And ask the pity of the careless crowd?
 Believe me, no; it silently recedes,
 And, sacred, seeks within itself to close
 From the world's prying eye, its cureless woes.
 Diffusing fragrance, many a flower unfolds,
 Fair to the summer sun, its vivid bloom:
 Yet, in its bosom, the fell canker holds,
 That, mining, gives it to untimely doom.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH OF SEPTEMBER.

BENEATH each sably-mantling storm
 That wraps the winter's dreary form,
 Prolific expectation sees
 Reviving meads, and vernal trees;
 Nor can calamity efface
 The path which Hope delights to trace.
 Thus, not an ill we deprecate,
 But speaks a more auspicious fate;
 And not a woe that rends the soul,
 But tells of Sorrow's hastening goal!

This day—an æra of distress,
 While various cares around me press;
 Amid the solitary throng
 Affection tunes her cheerful song;
 And, o'er an else desponding scene,
 Remembrance spreads her summer-green.
 Though dire the shades wherewith dismay
 Hath overcast this fated day,
 Forth from the gloom, serenely bright,
 You burst—the Cherub of Delight!
 Endearing maid! when Memory brings
 Old Trouble on her restless wings;
 And, in a keen, discordant lay,
 Bemoans this melancholy day:
 Each glowing passion shall reply—
 'Twas *then* I met Myrtilla's eye;
 And in its mild cerulean beam,
 Woke from Despair's malignant dream!

P. COURTIER

A WISH.

MINE be the abbey's wild retreat,
 With park and wood surrounded wide,
 Where grass should form a verdant seat,
 And field-flowers shed their scented pride:

The abbey, where the armor'd hall,
Should own the painted window's light ;
The oak-grown walk, where rooks should call,
Returning from their evening flight ;

The river lost among the trees,
The torrent rushing down the steep ;
Groves, where the summer's sighing breeze,
In moonlight night might tempt to sleep ;

There, through the lawny path I'd rove,
And stop to catch the vista's gleam ;
Led by the valued youth I love,
I'd watch the sun's expiring beam.

Oft on his arm I'd range the wood,
Or, lonely, in the park I'd read ;
Or frequent seek the shaded flood,
Rousing the young deer with my tread.

And as the moon in autumn's night,
Silver'd the fallen leaves, and cast
Along our path a track of light,
We'd roam, nor fear the howling blast.

The leafless trees, the thick-strown path,
May call, uncheck'd, the thinking sigh,
And the loud wind's destructive wrath,
May warn us that we both must die.

But then, the rolling orb above,
The starry concave, would proclaim,
That other worlds should see our love,
And sanctify the glorious flame !

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

SONNET.

TO MARY IN ILLNESS.

YES! kindest friend ; while on the wild sea-views
Pensive you gaze, and weep ; your alter'd frame,
The saddening tears, no more my eyes refuse ;
Thy youth, thy worth, thy state, the tribute claim :

For, I have seen thee like electric flame
 Brilliant, as fair, and ardent as the muse,
 Fond of the thoughtful walk, and social game,
 Fond of those joys, which now, alas! you lose.
 O! I do mourn thee, and while anxious tears
 Fall o'er my cheeks for others, loved like thee,
 I vainly seek to pierce the veil of years,
 To view the hidden fate design'd for me;
 But it is vain—and banishing my fears,
 Humbled, I wait the time of heaven's decree.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

DAMON AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

YE virgins fair, my tale attend;
 Awhile your sport, ye swains, forego;
 And, though ye ne'er have shed a tear,
 For once let pity's tribute flow.

Where Severn rolls its silver stream,
 Dwelt Lucy, fair and luckless maid!
 Of every shepherd youth the theme,
 And by a shepherd youth betray'd.

Ah, yes! 'twas Damon—faithless swain,
 Who won the guileless maiden's love,
 By many a tender tale he told
 Sweet Lucy, in the neighbouring grove.

He there would praise her matchless form,
 He there would sigh, and oft-times weep,
 And as he gaz'd her rap'trous o'er,
 Neglect his flock of rambling sheep.

Oft would he say, "O Lucy, bright!
 "Why from these arms, thus cruel fly?
 Why, angry, from my proffers turn,
 "And wound my heart with cold reply?"

Till Lucy lent his tale an ear,
And glow'd with love's soft, mutual flame.
O, do not scorn the act, ye prudes,
Nor deem that Lucy was to blame.

Unmingled bliss was now their lot;
And much they hop'd some future day,
Would bind their hearts in Hymen's chain,
And many a constant vow repay.

But soon, a sad reverse of fate,
Was Lucy doom'd to feel and know;
To see each hope nipt in its bud,
Herself consign'd to heaviest woe.

For Anna, rich, and high in birth,
Now sought the hamlet's lone retreat,
Where Lucy with her Damon dwelt;
And chanc'd the shepherd youth to meet.

Ah, fated, Lucy! was the hour,
When Anna first beheld thy swain!
For, on him, as her eye she glanc'd,
Love shot his arrow through her frame.

Distracted, homewards Anna hied,
Her thoughts on Damon bent, alone;
But soon she felt her passion blest'd,
For Damon, soon, she made her own.

Ah, perjur'd Damon, cruel youth!
Why was your Lucy thus forgot?
Why for rich Anna's mansion gay,
Forfake the joys which crown your cot?

But, now, the distant village bells,
In merry peals, too well declare
That Anna, deck'd in colours gay,
With Damon's join'd, a bridal pair.

And, as the sounds smote Lucy's ear,
In vain to hide the tears she strove;
In vain she strove to check those sighs,
Which spoke her heart a prey to love.

The rose fled from her damask cheek,
Nor longer could she draw her breath,
But shrieking thrice, her Damon's name,
Sweet Lucy clos'd her eyes in death.

THE RATMOSE.

ODE TO THE MUSES.

YE fitting hours, still on the wing,
Where are your transient pleasures flown?
What time the muse was wont to sing
Of joys, which then, were all my own.

When jocund health inspir'd the strain,
And prompted all the muses' fire;
I sung of shepherds on the plain,
Their constant loves, their chaste desire.

And oft, as active fancy led,
I rov'd o'er fiction's fairy ground;
Cull'd every flow'ret in the shade,
And trod the ever-varying round.

Sweet poesy! celestial power!
Thy dulcet strains can soothe my woe!
Can ease the languor of each hour,
Can bid my tears forget to flow!

When gloomy thoughts my soul invade,
And all my inward peace destroy!
I call the muses to my aid,
And share the evanescent joy!

In verse there is a magic power,
That steals upon the human mind;
Though pen'ry gripe, and tempests lour,
Yet fancy still is unconfin'd!

Then let me still be of your train,
Ye muses, and ye sylvan gods;
Since human joys are light and vain,
Lead, lead me to your blest abode

C. G.

SONNET TO DELIA.

LOVERS we are no more:—yet, can I see
Thy bloom fast fleeting, and thy peace decay,
Nor feel the sad reverse? Am I fet free

From all the sorrows that may point thy way?

Ah, no—for still on many a live-long day,
On many a shrub, and many a blooming tree,
The manes of past joy—I think; and stray
Near each gay path, once dear to love and thee.

O! Fair Inconstant—thy reproachful eye
Looks not reproachful here; avert its force:
Nor look far off; thy griefs derive their source
E'en from that heart which now sent forth a sigh.

If it relieve thee, know, that still on high
My prayers ascend; that Heaven would shape thy course!

P. COURTIER.

PROLOGUE,

Delivered previous to the Representation of "The Fair Penitent," at a private Theatre.

BEFORE this curtain each kind shade withdraws,
And we stand subject to unyielding laws;
I'm sent, a feeble messenger, to try
Some gentler optic for the critic's eye.

"Your house," methinks I hear the man exclaim,

"Your house seems deadly to the voice of fame:

"In these bright days, high genius would appear

"Scarce worth attention in this gloomy sphere;

"And Garrick's self, with sense and passion warm,

"Mid darkness visible, would fail to charm.

"Apply this foretaste to the coming hour,

"When brave Sciolto should exert his pow'r;

"Lothario beam with each seductive grace,

"While tears indignant mark Calista's face;

"And firm Horatio, torn with virtuous hate,

"Reveal to Altamont his blasted fate:

"I must infer, from what I now discern,
 "For one, I weep not o'er your tragic urn!"
 Good, sir! one word to mitigate your wrath,
 You grant, our coat is suited to our cloth;
 That, if our house no brilliant scenes command,
 It well beseems our unambitious band.
 But, whence our fears? the critic brow unbends:
 I look, and only see—a house of friends!

WOODVILLE.

LINES

*Written on the Death of the late Mr. Swain, Minister of the
 Congregation at Walworth.*

LET servile genius, from her cassian store,
 Embalm the memory of worthless men,
 Lament when truth refuses to deplore,
 And dip, for vice, the never-dying pen:
 Yet still, of these, with more than Stentor's call,
 While bold venality the praise proclaims,
 And decks, with labour'd ornament, the wall
 That from disgust conceals their crumbling frames;
 Reflection, pausing mid the wild career
 Of sounding eulogy, and gorgeous pride,
 Shall drop, with deep regret, th' indignant tear,
 On vicious praise, and talents misapplied.
 Not such the heart-felt tribute of esteem
 Survivors render to the pious dead;
 Nor are the extasies that poets dream,
 Like those which smoothe the dying Christian's bed.
 Much-honor'd messenger of heavenly love,
 Respected, useful, and lamented SWAIN!
 'Twas thine, amid severest ills, to prove
 What pangs the true believer can sustain.
 What inconceiv'd felicities await
 Those who the narrow eminence have trod,
 What glorious legions ope th' immortal gate,
 And guide their spirits to a smiling God.

Ah—where shall now a widow'd-church behold
 One, who this dread privation may supply—
 A pastor form'd to raise a drooping fold;
 And bound the deluge of affliction's eye?
 For, not alone to doctrines, were confin'd
 The varied powers of his capacious thought;
 But, animating poesy refin'd
 Whate'er morality impressivè taught.
 Truth, from his lips, with a resistless glow,
 A soul-commanding energy was felt,
 Such ardour as abash'd her stoutest foe,
 And taught the stoic infidel to melt.
 By him enforc'd, the promises of grace
 Came with new import to the sick'ning heart,
 Consoling joys illum'd the dark'ning face,
 And bid the shades of unbelief depart.
 Ye, who the truths of Revelation deem
 As inconsistent with enlighten'd man,
 Examine calmly their momentous theme,
 And humbly study their eternal plan:
 In SWAIN, another bright example view
 Of those, where genius could adorn belief,
 Who, all the sweets of information knew,
 But still averr'd—Religion was the chief.

TO A ROSE.

SWEET scented Rose, the garden's summer pride,
 Impearl'd with dews, and open'd to the dawn,
 Whose hue excels the blushes of a bride
 That glow, conceal'd, beneath the lucid lawn.
 Thy soul exhal'd, perfumes the balmy air,
 What time Favonius sweeps the grassy mead,
 Regales the visitant, whose early care
 Is wholly bent thy sweet recess to tread.
 There all thine incense unimpeded—pure,
 Ascends on high, an offering fit for heaven;
 While thy thin leaves the botanist allure,
 With pensive thought, to contemplation given.

Expand, live long, and flourish to the sight;
 May no young strip'ling root thee from the ground;
 May no foul winds thy florid tincture blight;
 No driving rains thy tender bosom wound:
 But, if some lovely maid thy fragrance need,
 And deign to place thee on her liliated breast,
 Mourn not thy lot; but willingly concede,
 And there shine forth in livelier colours drest!
 And if bright tears, depending from her eyes,
 Fall on thy leaves, that seem devote to death,
 May they, by them resuscitated, rise,
 And gain fresh odours from her spicy breath!

ST. JOHN.

ELEGIAC LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS E. B *****.

PALE mournful mis'ry seeks, in vain, relief,
 While hopeless love, and never-dying grief
 Prey on the aching heart. Eliza's charms,
 Lost! ever lost! I mourn: these anxious arms
 No more must clasp that form. Cold is the maid
 For whom my sorrows flow: her bloom decay'd,
 In the dark tomb the lovely victim lies,
 To death's all-chilling pow'r a spotless prize!
 Oh! may the youth who now, with deep distress,
 Laments thy loss, ere long the cold earth press;
 The faithful heart that mourns thy timeless fate,
 Soon cease to beat; and the dimm'd eyes, that late
 With rapture gaz'd, soon cease with tears to flow—
 And take a long farewell of all below!

June 15, 1797.

CLEMENT.

WINTER.

THE splendours of Autumn are o'er,
 How leafless appear the tall trees!
 How fierce tempests obstrep'rously roar,
 The winds how intensely they freeze!

Ah, where are the jessamine bowers,
 Beneath which the student repos'd ?
 Not a relick is left of the flowers,
 Whose bosoms the morning disclos'd.
 See, feather'd from regions above,
 The snow in profusion descends ;
 It ermines each desolate grove,
 And thick on the hamlet depends :
 Sweet pleasures are banish'd the plains,
 The birds, like deserters, are fled ;
 The vallies are flooded with rains,
 Dark mists on the mountains are spread.
 Ye sons, then of opulence, say,
 While thus Winter spreads desolate reign,
 Can you your denotions delay,
 That 'long to the children of pain ?
 Say, where shall each pauper repose,
 Abash'd by the scorning of pride,
 When Hyems her countenance shows,
 Congealing each strong flowing tide.
 Can you fasten your door on his sighs,
 Can you turn from his woes with neglect,
 While the voice of your God, from the skies,
 Loudly bids you the needy protect ?
 Shall coldness improv'rish their blood,
 Whilst you are the subjects of ease :
 Shall they wander, alas, without food,
 And importune death for release ?
 Can you sit round your fuel so warm,
 Encircled by friendship and love,
 And find in bleak winter a charm,
 Imparted by Goodness above ?
 Can you move on the carpet so gay ?
 Can you drain your full goblets of wine ?
 Can your ears be regal'd by the lay,
 Attun'd by a master divine ?
 Ah, turn then your eyes to distress,
 Oh dry the sad tear of complaint !
 And let your good actions confess,
 You tread in the steps of a faint !

ST. JOHN.

THE SUMMER FADES.

I SEE the tints of Summer fade,
And see them fade without a sigh;
For dear to me is Autumn's glade,
And dearer still her ev'ning-sky.

Forth, when the splendours of the day
No longer fate the gazing mind,
I wander where from lonely spray
The last note lingers on the wind.

And sweet it is, through coppice near,
To catch the sun's departing gleam,
While every breeze to fancy's ear,
Conveys a soft celestial theme.

Oh, at such hour! when tumult wild
Disturbs no more the tranquil frame;
When ev'ry thought, of earth beguil'd,
Feels all of passion but the name;

Oft with Myrtilla have I trod
The scene to contemplation giv'n,
And as we press'd the dew-bright sod,
Look'd upward to a brighter heav'n!

The mild moon dwelling on her cheek,
Seem'd with her breast to sympathize,
And language more than earth could speak,
Shone in her soft retiring eyes.

And will these hours return no more?
And are those days for ever past?
They are—but Autumn can restore
Such scenes of bliss, as, while they last,

May bid remembrance cease to tell
Of what we knew: and when gone by,
These coming hours shall fondly dwell
Where mem'ry holds her fonder tie.

And, though to Autumn's latest sheaf
I still must give the pensive sigh,
Yet I can see her falling leaf
Submissive to a ruder sky.

For Winter, in his arm of might,
Bears many a social hope to me;
And much I love his longest night,
His longest night of friendly glee.

No brighter moments have I known,
Than those which Winter can bestow,
When friendship draws her circling zone:
Mid lakes of ice, or fields of snow.

And say, thou Solace of each Care!
Nor less than Author of my Joy!
A solace that I do not share:
A sweetness that could never cloy.

Myrtilla! say, recluse from all
That restless fashion would esteem;
When storms have vex'd this rocking ball,
Was peace with us? or but a dream?

Surrounded then, as some would think,
With prospect useless, void, and drear;
When nature's self appear'd to sink
In sorrow o'er her dying year;

Have we not heard, from scenes like these,
Her awful yet maternal voice?—
"Mid snow-clad plains, and leafless trees,
"Still let DOMESTIC LOVE rejoice."

P. COURTIER

PAN AND CUPID.

ONCE Cupid in the silent grove,
Sought the artillery of love;
As at the maids, in amorous play,
He'd shot his arrows all away:
His painted quiver empty hung,
And on the ground his bow unstrung.
Between the thickly-spreading trees,
Pan, the rural God, he fees,
Looking with anger fiercely round:
He threw his chanter on the ground,

With furious gesture curs'd and swore,
 He ne'er would cheer the woodlands more,
 Or wake to harmony the meads,
 By the soft warbling of his reeds;
 Then with a vengeful air he frown'd,
 And stamp'd his foot upon the ground;
 Tore with his cloven hoof the reed,
 And smil'd as he perform'd the deed.
 Cupid beheld him with surprize,
 And to th' enraged musician cries,
 "Why do thy cheeks, Pan! glow with rage?"
 "Thy direful anger pray assuage;
 "And tell me how thou thus can'st tear
 "The object of thy fondest care—
 "That reed, which call'd the list'ning swains,
 "Together on th' Arcadian plains,
 "To hear its sweetly sylvan strains: }
 "The raptures of its heav'nly tones,
 "Awoke to life the rocks and stones;
 "The list'ning floods forgot to flow,
 "And ev'ry wanton breeze to blow;
 "The oaks, obedient to thy call,
 "Bow'd low their heads, (that erst so tall
 "Aspir'd to heav'n with dancing sprays,
 "And follow'd thee to hear thy lays:
 "Then tell me how thou thus can'st tear
 "The object of thy fondest care?"

The angry deity replies,
 With rage still flashing from his eyes,
 "Learn why just wrath my visage clouds,
 "And with its gloom my eyes enshrouds;
 "And judge if I am wrong or right,
 "In tearing thus my sole delight—
 "Early this morn, on yonder plain,
 "Collin I met, a piping swain,
 "Whose untaught reed the crowd admir'd,
 "And hail'd him as a bard inspir'd;
 "Ah! good-day, Pan!" the fellow cried,
 "(I own such freedom hurt my pride,)"
 "Fair Delia longs to hear thy strains,
 "That oft have pleas'd th' enraptured swains;

‘ And she’ll present thee with the meed,
 ‘ If thou wilt join my rural reed.’—
 “ I with him to the grove repair,
 “ And sound my pipe to please the fair :
 “ But though my strains—by heav’n inspir’d,
 “ To win her envied praise aspir’d,
 “ The prize was by the maid decreed
 “ To the hoarse croakings of *his* reed.
 “ Instant I left the taunting pair,
 “ And vow’d no more to please the fair.”

Gay Cupid answer’d with a smile,
 “ How Pan ! can you the fair revile ?
 “ On me you ought to lay the blame,
 “ Twas I that loaded you with shame ;
 “ For whilst you sung your heavenly lays
 “ I burnt to rob you of the bays,
 “ And aim’d a shaft at either heart ;
 “ For which, poor Pan ! you’re doom’d to smart !
 “ For lovers see with partial eyes,
 “ And thus you’ve lost the envied prize.
 “ Resume your reed, my injur’d friend !
 “ But with a lover ne’er contend,
 “ Whilst his fond fair-one hears the lays,
 “ And with a voice of partial praise,
 “ To love, not merit, gives the bays.” }

Tavistock,
July 11th, 1797.

E. A. BRAY.

TO MARGARETTA.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

WHY, Margarett, strive to hide
 The tears to lost Louisa giv’n ?
 O, trust me ! though despis’d by pride,
 A tender heart’s the care of heav’n.

Let folly’s callous-breasted throng,
 Laugh at the tale of love’s distress ;
 But I to thee will pour the song,
 Sweet child of dove-ey’d tenderness !

The giddy, gay, unthinking fair,
The blaze of orient gems may prize,
But brighter far the tear-drops are,
That fall from pity's lucid eyes.

More sweet's the rose at dawn of day,
(Its bending head impearl'd with dew)
Than when the noon-tide sun's fierce ray
Expands its beauties to the view.

O! far may guardian angels keep
From thy pure bosom sorrow's throne,
Not that I wish thee ne'er to weep—
But weep for storied woes alone.

EPIGRAM.

BY THE SAME.

SYLLA declares the world shall know,
That he's my most determin'd foe.—
I wish him *wide* the tale to spread;
For all that I from Sylla dread,
Is, lest the knave, to serve some end,
Should one day swear, that he's my friend.

SONNET.

TO *****.

BY THE SAME.

AH me, in vain wild wood, or noiseless dell,
Or frowning steep with weary feet I trace,
Hopeful, thou sweet enchantress, to erase
From my sad heart thy firm-inwoven spell.
Vain hope, indeed! for memory, too well,
Hath treasur'd up each charm of thy fair face;
Thy matchless mind, thy form's transcendent grace;
And loves, all else forgot, on them to dwell.

Each blooming flower in silence speaks of thee;
 I hear thy voice in each melodious sound;
 And, as I stray, each lovely form I see,
 Thine swift-recalls with brighter beauty crown'd!
 Alas! what then remains for wretched me,
 But still to love, though fate hath sternly frown'd?

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY SAUNDERS,
 WHO DIED JUNE 14, 1797.—AGED 52.

A WIFE as tender, and as true withal,
 As the first woman was before her fall;
 Made for the man, of whom she was a part,
 Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart:
 A second Eve, but by no crime accurst,
 As pliant, not so brittle as the first.
 Had she been first, still paradise had been,
 And death had found no entrance by her sin;
 So she, not only had preserv'd from ill
 Her sex and our's, but been their pattern still.
 Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
 She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more.
 Thus we love God, as author of our good;
 So subjects love just kings, or so they should.

J. SAUNDERS.

WILL. KING AND THE TAYLOR.

A TALE.

BY ALEXIS AND SINCLAIR.

A WAG once liv'd, (faith I forget his name)
 But let us call him—('twill be all the same)
 I say, suppose we call him William King;
 Perhaps, related to that famous wight,
 Whose hum'rous pranks are read with such delight,
 And with whose fame all London town does ring.

Well, Will was just as great a wag as he,
A more mischievous dog could never be
For breaking lamps and knocking watchmen down;
And as for bilking taylors, drinking, gaming,
With other little things not worth the naming,
You could not find his like in all the town.

It happen'd, once, that Will, the bailiffs dodging,
Had in a dirty alley ta'en a lodging,
In hopes those heroes of the writ to shun;
And as he lay reclining on his bed,
He oft revolv'd the riots he had bred,
And meditated schemes of future fun.

One morn, as usual, he arose from sleep,
And from his garret window took a peep,
To see if any one was lurking near;
When, o'er the door which fac'd him, painted new,
On a large board, these words appear'd to view,
"Cornelius Cabbage, taylor, dwelleth here."

A sudden scheme now struck our hero's mind,
To accomplish which he strongly felt inclin'd,
So summon'd his fair hostess to his room;
"Good ma'am," said he, "pray order your son Dick
To go to honest Mister Cabbage quick,
And hither on the instant bid him come."

His way to Snip's, Dick in a trice explor'd,
And summon'd Mr. Cabbage from his board,
With patterns and a measure to attend him;
The taylor joyfully doth Dick obey,
And promises (though meaning ne'er to pay)
That for this job he surely would befriend him.

Swift as the wind Dick and the taylor flew,
So swift I swear, that d—me if they knew
Which was the upmost, or their heels or crown;
And having cross'd, Cabbage is usher'd strait
Into the parlour, and desir'd to wait
Till Mr. King was ready to come down.

When Snip had stopt for fully half an hour,
(So strong in Mr. King was fashion's pow'r)

He thought he heard some footsteps pretty close,—
 'Twas so, for shortly after op'd the door,
 And lo! before him stood upon the floor,
 Our wag with phiz affectedly morose.

But, e'er he enter'd, he, poor Snip to bother,
 Had made one shoulder higher than the other,
 Though nature form'd him straight and fair to boot;
 But as at present he appear'd to view,
 You would have sworn, (upon my word 'tis true,)
 His right side was too high by half a foot.

"Good morning Mr. Cabbage, he began,
 "You are, upon my soul, the very man
 "To find out whom I would have giv'n my heart;
 "I bless my stars that I am lodg'd so near
 "A man, of whom so frequently I hear,
 "As greatly noted in the cutting art.

"I've oft employ'd each person of your trade,
 "And though for me they many clothes have made,
 "Not one could ever make a coat to fit;
 "Come, honest Mr. Cabbage, take your measure,
 "I'm sure it will afford me real pleasure,
 "If you at last should chance my shape to hit."

"I do not boast," said Snip, "like other men,
 "But this I'll say, there is not one in ten
 "Who can like me so neatly use his sheers;
 "May I this moment hang upon a halter,
 "If I have had a single coat to alter,
 "Though I have been a taylor twenty years."

The measure Cabbage now prepar'd to take,
 Resolving large allowance he would make
 For the vast hump which on one shoulder rose;
 And having ta'en the size of every part,
 He swore he'd cut the coat extremely smart,
 Or else he would submit to lose his nose.

Patterns were now display'd upon the table,
 The coarsest, finest, lightest, and most sable,
 When Will strait chose the best upon the card;
 "Why, sir," says Snip, "this cloth is very high,
 "Such as few people can afford to buy;
 "Faith, it will stand me in a pound a yard."

"D—me, what's that to you," said King, "I pray ?

"For what I order I intend to pay :

"Cost what it will, this cloth you *must* procure !"

"My forwardness," cried Snip, "good sir, excuse ;

"And pray what buttons would your honour chuse ?"

"Why silver, said our hero, to be sure."

With admiration, Snip now gaz'd on Will,

Pleas'd at the extra charges in his bill

The cloth and silver buttons might produce.

"And when," said Cabbage, "would you have it done ?"

"To-morrow," King replied, "and just at one ;

"Remember too to cut it neat and spruce."

The taylor now his way did homeward shape,

Beset with measures, pattern cards, and tape,

Much pleas'd at the good morning's job he'd made ;

And when that he had reach'd his habitation,

He said unto his spouse, with exultation,

"*I am resolv'd to trounce the crooked blade.*"

"What blade," said Mrs. Cabbage, "love, I pray,

"Have you so luckily met with to-day,

"And whom to chouse, you've laid this good design ?"

"Why dear," said he, "an ugly crook-back'd fool,

"Whom I most certainly will make my tool,

"Or else twice four and one do not make nine."

To purchase articles to make the clothes,

And hire two extra workmen, Snip now goes,

That King in proper time the coat might get ;

And what he wanted being soon supplied,

He homeward with his cloth and two men hied,

And all three to their parts with vigour set.

So well did Cabbage and his men employ

Their sheers and needles, that, to Snip's great joy,

The coat was finish'd quite next day by ten ;

And having tied it up, he cross'd the way,

Then shewing it to King, with glee did say,

"You see, sir, that I keep industrious men."

Meanwhile, unalter'd was our hero's face,

Although a droll exchange had taken place,

For lo! from right to left the bump had gone;
But this poor Cabbage did not yet perceive—

So said, "Now, sir, if you will give me leave,

"I will assist you, sir, to try these on."

"With all my heart, good Cabbage," King replies,

"Among my friends, I'll praise you to the skies,

"If you have hit my shape exact and true;"

So in he thrust an arm without delay,

But soon in angry mood to Snip did say,

"You bungling dog, this coat will never do."

These tones of passion made Snip's teeth to chatter,

Who, trembling, said to King, "Pray what's the matter?"

"Why sure," said Will, "of reason you're bereft,

"For, d—me, sir, if you had us'd your eyes,

"You must have plainly seen this awkward rise

"Was not on the right shoulder but the left."

"Ah, lack-a-day!" said Snip, "can it be so?

"How it could come about, I do not know,

"Though, true enough, 'tis just, sir, as you say;

"I humbly beg your pardon, sir, but vow

"I never mis'd a measure, sir, till now;

"But, if you please, I'll alter it straightway."

"Well, pull it off again," cried King, "but note—

"At one, precisely, I must have the coat,

"Or else another taylor I'll find out!"

"You shall," says Snip, "at least I'll do my best;

"But still I swear, and solemnly protest,

"I can't conceive how *this here* came about."

At one exact, see Cabbage quite prepar'd,

But how at William King he gap'd and star'd,

When he appear'd a straight and upright blade;

"Why, sir," said Cabbage, "as he scratch'd his rump,

"Pardon my boldness, sir, but where's the lump,

"For which such large allowance I have made?"

"What lump," said King, "affecting strong surprise,

"Am I deform'd or crooked? D—mn your eyes!

"Say so again, and faith I'll knock you down:

"But, as it is, you rascal, do you see,

"If now the coat don't fit me to a T,

"I'll take my cudgel and I'll crack your crown."

King then the coat did seize with aspect big,
While Cabbage trembled like a scalded pig,
So much Will's action the poor taylor scares ;
" I'll add no more," said King, but on it goes,
" If it don't suit, egad, I'll tweak your nose,
" And, in the bargain, tumble you down stairs !"

Now William squeeze'd it on with looks of wrath,
But what an useless quantity of cloth

Did loosely hang a-down his larboard side !
With fury, now, he rais'd his stick on high,
When Snip, perceiving danger was so nigh,
Took to his heels and ran with hasty stride.

It so fell out, that on this very day,
King had agreed a quarter's rent to pay,
(Which he, as usual, had no means to do !)
So seizing up, in haste, his other coat,
Which now was all he in his room had got,
After the taylor, to the court he flew ;

And having reach'd it, he, without delay,
(As now the hardest part was left to play)
Rush'd out with speed, nor stopt to shut the door ;
Then vanish'd through the alley in a crack,
Adorn'd with poor Snip's coat upon his back,
Who, from that day to this, ne'er saw him more.

THE ARABIAN MAID'S INVOCATION TO THE MOON.

BY G. WALKER.

PROFITIOUS moon ! whose peaceful beams
O'er Theban deserts stray,
Sip at the Nile's prolific streams,
And midst the whirlwind play,
Attend, and grant a virgin's pray'r ;
Her timid wishes hear :
Take my Alcanzer to thy care,
His lonely footsteps cheer.

While o'er the desert, dark and wide,
He treads the dang'rous way,
Be thy bright orb his certain guide,
Until returning day.
From where the sanguine lions prowl,
Direct his feet aright;
Nor let the fierce Hyena's howl
Add horrors to the night.

Where not a shrub, where not a spire
Of grafs is seen to grow,
Where nature breathes destructive fire,
And where no fountains flow,
Let thy cool rays refresh the air,
And spicy breezes bring;
And let my lover, by thy care,
Explore the secret spring.

There may he rest on banks of balm,
And from the limpid stream
The burning heat within him calm,
While basking in thy beam;
While round the patient camels kneel,
Forgetful of their toil,
The noon-day blaze no more they feel,
Nor from their loads recoil.

Then shall he gaze with grateful mind,
Upon thy radiant face;
Think on the maid he left behind,
And all his steps retrace:
Till, lull'd by softest scents that move
On zephyrs through the air,
He sinks to sleep, and dreams of love
His slumb'ring visions share.

MYRTILLA IN ILLNESS.

I HAVE no breezes that restore
Declining health, and faded joy :
I have not; or disease no more
Should seize, embitter, and destroy.

And, are a few unnumber'd hours
Scarce past to their eternal bier,
Since, in the summer's fragrant bow'rs,
I met my love without a tear?

She knew not tears—her cheerful eye
Beam'd with the lustre of the morn;
And if she felt the passing sigh,
It was of gentlest sorrow born.

But now!—I would—I cannot tell
The pangs that on her senses prey,
Nor look while one belov'd so well,
Sits wearied with the brightest day!

Again she sighs; and I must see
Her vernal hours, o'ercharg'd with grief!
Again she weeps; and I must see
That painful tear, without relief!

Oh—GOD OF LOVE! if I may fall
In suppliance at thine awful throne,
And, while dismay encircles all,
Make my unnoted sorrows known.

To thee, from depths of deep distress,
I still would raise the bleeding heart;
Nor wilt thou love the sufferer less,
Who claims, in hope, his better part.

Mercy is thine; and thou can'st heal
The mortal of this mortal man:
And to his mind, thou can'st reveal
A better, an immortal plan.

O take Myrtilla to thy care,
 And shield her from the blights of death :
 O let her all thy goodness share,
 And heal her with thy healing breath !

P. COURTIER.

September 6th, 1797.

SONNET.

BY W. S. HONE.

DEAR to my soul is chill November's breeze—
 The wind which sighs along the lonely walls,
 The tempest's blast which bares the sapless trees,
 And the low rustling of each leaf that falls.

Then, when pale evening throws her mantle o'er
 The clear bright prospects of declining day,
 I frequent roam till past the midnight hour,
 And to its secret influence homage pay.

Oft when the moon rides in the cloudless sky,
 I climb the rocky mountain's shelvy side,
 And watch the fish-boat's fitting sail pass by,
 While roaring rolls beneath the foaming tide.

These scenes assuage the pain of inward grief,
 Draw forth the silent tear, and give my heart relief.

25th August, 1797.

THE STORM.

A WAKEN'D by the miracles of God,
 Who hurls his thunderbolts precipitate
 Thro' the affounded regions of the air,
 At this dark hour of midnight, O my soul,
 While warm with life, in wonder meditate
 A solemn song of reverential praise !

Fountain of glory ! I adore thy power,
 Which governs the tremendous elements,
 And shakes the great globe with the influence

Of fiery storm. Angels of light ! who sound
Deep notes of thunder, publish to the world,
O'er earth, o'er ocean, and to distant spheres,
The glories of the one Eternal King,
Whose justice triumphs, while the earth beholds
Her throne, a cloud of fire, in radiance borne
Aloft, on winged coursers of the flames
Of lightning quick and vivid.

The affairs
Of mortal men, how vain ! compar'd with these
Immense transactions of the Lord of Being,
Before whom nature trembles ! whose behests
Are, in a moment, carried to effect
By ministers of water, fire and air,
Follow'd with acclamations more intense
Than if the clamours of the multitude
Of every nation, on this beauteous orb,
And sounds of war's artillery, were but—one !
O ! with what force that voice is pour'd abroad :
It seems to rend in twain the vault of heaven
While earth stands witness ; and the ocean world
Mounts upward from his bed, to fill the void.
Lo ! God speaks once : speaks twice : now man must hear !
And own his power unrivalled, and supreme !
The circuit of immeasurable heaven
Is the sole theatre magnificent,
On which the ruler of the universe
His plans fulfils.

Weak are our thoughts : our words
Be few ; in his bright presence let us bow
With veneration, and unfeigned love ;
Conscious that He, who saves us from the storm,
Who opes the page of darkness visible,
With flashes frequent, and makes day of night—
A solemn day of intermittent flames,
Of lightning, and the shades of viewless night ;
That He who is the fount of light and joy,
Will guard our lives with his imperial shield,
In pain, affliction, and the final grave.
Glory once more to Him who reigns on high !

W. EVANS.

LINES,

Addressed to a couple of Trees at the Extremity of a Walk.

TWIN trees! who in full drefs of summer huc,
Sparkle impearl'd with heaven-descended dew,
At morn's first beams, while o'er Dart's rugged hills
The new-born sun, with orient splendour fills
His throne in heav'n; the lark with soaring wing,
And dawn-invited swain, their carols sing;
You, vegetable friends! no more rejoice
At early bird's, or man's persuasive voice,
Than at the transient leaf-inspiring tale,
Breath'd by the whispers of the western gale:
So to the notes of devious pleasure's song
Deaf, yet a pair in virtue's sun-beams strong.
At morn, Lucilius hop'd to spend life's day
With her he lov'd—alas! that hope is flown away.

Tavistock, August, 1797.

SONNET TO DELIA.

OH, how they fly—the days of youth and hope!
Just like the fading memory of a dream.
Remembrance, Delia, of thy kind esteem,
Declines not so; for that with time shall cope.
Tho' sorrow's self, with all his malice come;
Tho' sickness enervate, or age benumb;
When the glad east pours forth the fulgent day,
Or, glimmering in the west, it glides away,
Witness it shall my ardent love for thee;
And, Oh! could time such flattering scenes display,
As when I first beheld thy charms so gay,
To thy kind arms with rapture I would flee,
And there recount these years of absence long;
And there repeat my joys, and there renew my song!

W. AMPHLETT.

TO THE SAME,

ON HEARING OF HER ILLNESS.

HAS then Disease with his distemper'd breath,
 Dimn'd the full radiance of thy lovely eye?
 So the fair prospect of a summer's sky,
 The uproar of the hurricane destroys;
 And thus thy cruel enmity, gaunt death,
 Blights all our hopes, annihilates our joys!
 And tell me, why thy dreadful shafts are sent
 So soon, where every charm delights to dwell?
 And why the virtuous, and the innocent,
 Those we revere and those we love so well,
 Find no protection from thy deadly rage?
 Behold her form—let that thy wrath assuage!
 Or is compassion to thy breast unknown?
 Then strike us both—make Delia's fate my own.

*Birmingham,
 August, 3, 1797.*

W. AMPHLETT.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

FAIR love of Evening! who on high
 Look'st on her graces with dissolving eye,
 Thou who alone
 First glimmers in her train, and shines among
 The sadd'ning clouds, when Phæbus has gone down—
 Beneath thy light
 The fays and fairies eager throng;
 And with gay figures slight,
 Dance to wild minstrelsy,
 Such as young Zephyr breathes the whispering woods along.
 O lovely star! to thee the wretch forlorn
 Pours out his woe.
 What time, at autumn's close,
 When the thick woods by rudest gales are torn;

And leaf-strewn walks

And dells;

In which the lonely echo seldom talks,

Sigh to the winds that blow;

What time, the melancholy bells

Come soften'd on the ear, and break the mind's repose,

He comes to court thy beam,

And groaning to impart

The healeless sorrows of a broken heart—

For, ah! the selfish world abhors the unwelcome theme.

And when amid a cloudless sky

Of that deep blue of summer night,

Thou shinest—then to weep and sigh

The lover comes—

Ah me! his faded cheek,

His pensive eyes a fatal fondness speak.—

Now he roams

Wild thro' the forest, tempest-tost,

He breaks the waving boughs, he bursts thro' tangled thorns;

And now, as thro' an opening gleams thy light,

Thy soft, soft light, he turns

With downcast looks, and arms slow-cross'd;

The sudden drops rain from his fadden'd eyes,

He thinks on her, more lovely than the morn;

No more he rages, but he mourns,

And all by tender agony subdued,

Darts from thy soothing ray, and plunges in the wood.

Poor child of want!

Dost *thou* too love to gaze

On Eve's meek star?

Yes, poverty will haunt

The twilight hour, will often raise

The languid eye, to watch thy silver car:

Deserted, and weeping,

Abhorring the day,

On her breast her babe sleeping,

The sad wretch will stray;

And as her waking infant cries in vain,

Her swimming eyes shall seek the starry train;

And hope shall urge, and faith confirm the thought,

That happier worlds for her shall be with suffering bought.

When thy lustre first illumines
Surf-bound groves, and marbled tombs;
And beds of closing flowers;
The widow'd maid, with lonely steps
Shall seek thee, where thy radiance sleeps,
Amid the willow'd bowers;
And there, by love and sorrow blest,
The spot where youth and valour rest;
Shall catch the fainted tear;
Thy humid eye shall see her grief,
Shall gleam on every lilled leaf,
That decks the hallow'd bier—
And as her soft sighs sound thro' air,
Thy gentle look alone shall harmonize despair.

And O! to thee the wandering poet's lyre
Shall still be strung,
What time, in pensive mood,
Watching thy beams on beaked promontories,—
He stretches careless by the hanging shore
That overhangs the flood,
Upon whose wave, the hot sun darts no more;
But deep involv'd in purple glories,
(With which, in richest pomp high heaven is hung)
Sleeps amidst a mellowed fire—
There shall he muse on antique stories,
Or teach his eagle wing uncheck'd to soar,
While all beneath thy ray is one pale solitude.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

RETIRED THOUGHTS.

IN traversing this chequer'd state, which yields
Enjoyments, oft by disappointment foil'd;
Mine be the path, which, far remote from where
Ambition spreads his ever-dazzling scene,
Glittering but to destroy; and restless, still,
Would rob the mind of sweet serenity,
For pleasures which may never be attain'd,
Or if attain'd, may unsubstantial prove.

Nor is ambition only to be found
 In the loud active walk of public life:
 The passion still the same, though multiform
 Its object.—If slumbering in the breast
 'Twill shape itself to varied circumstance:
 Sometimes like Lucifer, a splendid wreck!
 At others sunk, e'en far below contempt.
 So then the only safe and happy path's
 That which through apathy's dull region lies?
 No—hateful clime, far thence let me avert
 My heedful course.—Thy torpid air would dim
 The vital spark of intellect; relax
 The well-tun'd chords of sensibility;
 And load me with a weight of cumb'rous ease!
 In the fair fields of science let me stray,
 'Mid the tall trees, or humbler shrubs, that yield
 Their balmy fragrance to the fresh'ning breeze.
 Tho' lovely to the eye, and grateful still
 As ev'ning coolness after noontide heat,
 Let me not loiter here too long, lest like
 The sad benighted traveller, I find
 The friendly orb of day depart, whilst I
 To an unshipish'd lonely way betake
 My solitary steps. I would frequent
 That cooling shade, which from th' oppressive heat
 Shelters the sojourner; tho' less attractive
 To the passing eye, the vale delight affords
 Which only these can know, who, up the steep
 Ascend of self-acquaintance, gain the calm,
 The blest retreat of meek humility.
 Near her contentment dwells, of life the balm;
 Mild placid deity, which adds delight
 To happiness possest. Solacing hope,
 And heaven-born resignation in her train,
 Wipe from affliction's eye the falling tear.
 Beneath thy genial smiles, the length'ning thread
 Of human life runs firm and even—unhurt
 By the destructive grasp of haggard care.
 Tutelar power of dear domestic life!
 Kind tranquillizer of the troubled mind!
 Prepare my breast for sorrows yet to come,

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Or blessings in reversion. Ah! let me
In the fair haunts where wisdom, piety,
And charity resort, delighted rove;
Till form'd by them for happiness sublime
And infinite, I change this chequer'd scene,
For one where pleasure reigns, and reigns uncheck'd
By sorrow's dart, or disappointment's sting.

JULIA.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY J. JACKSON.

OH thou! descended from above,
Dear emblem of angelic love,
With whom the virtuous dwell;
By all thy votaries' num'rous names,
Accept the meed my fancy frames,
The tribute of my shell.

On mercy's pinions borne afar,
The soul, that scan'd the point of war,
And spurn'd the trophied crest,
Will turn with raptur'd orbs to see,
Where thou, with sensibility,
Adorn'st the godlike breast.

Oh! come then, while the germs of youth
Demand the friendly beam of truth,
To call them into bloom;
Come!—for 'tis thine to 'radiate
The fast-depending clouds of fate,
And cheer misfortune's gloom.

Teach me to love the virtuous man,
With tenderness his faults to scan,
And bind his thoughts to mine;
Transplanting to myself his worth;
So round the oak of manly growth,
The ivy's tendrils twine.

Yes, goddess! yes, with such a friend,
The quiv'ring lamp of night I'll spend,

And pass the hours of day;
Behold with philosophic eyes
The ancient states before me rise,
Grow, flourish, and decay.

While, hov'ring round on mental wings,
Morality her precepts brings,
To strengthen nature's plan;
For ah! tho' *wit* awhile may flame,
'Tis virtue only, sacred name!

'TIS VIRTUE MAKES THE MAN.

Nor then I'll spurn thy *softer* laws,
When beauty, pleading friendship's cause,
Beams from my SARA's eye;
No, no; let Hymen light his torch,
And lead our steps to pleasure's porch,
We'll enter, wreath'd with joy.

Our children then may claim our love,
Our precepts shall their minds improve,
And early vice efface;
Till springing from a chosen few,
Affection's plan I still pursue,
And grasp the human race!

Yet not to me alone confin'd,
Friendship! expand each narrow mind,
Inform, instruct the whole;
So shall we view with glowing eyes,
Creation one vast paradise,
Thy feat, each human soul.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

SEMBLANCE of God! whose emanating beams
Illuminate the morn, and wake the insect world;
At whose approach abscond ideal dreams,
And silver'd clouds in ether are unfurl'd:

Struck by thy awfully potential eye,
That kens remotely earth's outstretch'd domain,
The moral bard, absorb'd in ecstasy,
Pours to thy power the energetic strain,

King of the day, inspiriter to bliss,
Sole procreant cause of Flora's blooming race;
Whose warmth pervades old Neptune's dark abyss,
Where finny myriads rove in awkward pace:

To thee, the Indian on adusted plains,
In mystic gestures his devotion pays,
When first thy crimson hue the orient stains,
And tinging Ganges, unimpeded strays:

From him who moves in robes of splendid gold,
To the mean pauper, bent at grandeur's feet;
From the shrill lark that sings with cadence bold,
To the brisk ant in her terrene retreat:

To God, the great, august, and awful SIRE,
From whom this world bedight with glory came!
Let incense rise, from Seraphim of fire,
To the least insect of this earthy frame.

High in the heavens, upon a central throne,
He lives and breathes existence into all;
And there receives the pris'ner's grievous moan,
And there reviews this death-subjected ball!

The jub'lant stars, by him directed, run
In sportive windings o'er the azure road,
And the bright lamp of day—the splendid Sun,
Still pours profuse th' effulgence of his God.

On the broad pinions of the rushing wind,
The mighty God, triumphant, rides sublime;
And thro' the extent of regions unconfin'd,
Performs his will, unlimited by time.

Order, and grace, and beauty from him spring,
Comporting wisely with his glorious plan,
And shine on all who creep, or mount the wing;
But greater far in intellectual man.

In all his works the voice of wisdom sounds,
Speaks in the hurricane, the thunder's roar;
Yet *man*, whom folly's magic chain surrounds,
Wakes not to see the glories of his power.

A shadowy knowledge passes o'er *his* mind,
Fades swift away, as does a morning dream,
He ratiocates in vain; to wisdom blind,
He wanders on—and sinks in error's stream.

But the great God, with changeless purpose crown'd,
 Shines like the sun in sempiternal day,
 He reasons not—for awfully profound,
 In depths of truth his great intentions lay.

ST. JOHN.

SONNETS TO CHARLOTTE.

W HATE'ER, sweet maiden, shall befall thee here,
 If aught unhappy may with goodness dwell!
 Still thy mild graces, with each added year
 Shall boast fresh charms, and their eternal spell
 Enweave with thine each heart to virtue dear;
 While envy's self shall distantly revere
 Those awful rays which beam from beauty's sphere,
 When beauty beams in truth; nor malice fell,
 Dare list to thee his dark and vizard sneer:
 But to thy presence shall each hateful form
 Of vice or folly, unresisting, cede;
 For vice must sing in virtue's fairest meed,
 To gain thy spotless ear. And grief's rude storm
 May bruise, it shall not break, the tender reed!

BUT I have thought—and cannot bear to think
 That thy free spirit may refuse this boon;
 Deeming my friendship as th' inconstant noon
 Of summer's feverish day: that, on the brink
 Of reason's cooler tide I stand, whence soon,
 Full soon, and deep, my changing soul shall drink.
 O think not so! for, are there not of those
 Whom instant sympathies join not in vain?
 For me, I am but one of that sad train
 Who feel the pressure of life's sharpest woes:
 But, in my wand'rings o'er this dreary plain,
 I, too, have sought a balm for sorrow's pain.
 And I have found, in beauty's blooming rose,
 The dewy sweets of pity's gentlest rain.

WOODVILLE.

SONNET.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT.

ALONE and succourless, day after day,
 I've wander'd on, while many a frowning sprite
 Hath fearfully beset me on my way,
 And strove to fill my bosom with affright.
 Yet, though surrounded, thwarted, and revil'd,
 Onward I went, unheeding the foul train;
 And rais'd my eyes to heav'n! and cheerly smil'd,
 In innocence secure; nor felt I pain:
 Nor do I feel it—though my foes *still* rave,
 More than the firm rock feels the baffled wave.
 But, O! the alter'd voice, the scornful air,
 The half-averted, or neglectful eye
 Of those I dearly love, not so I bear!
 These I can feel; and, feeling them, must sigh.

SONNET TO MEMORY.

AS a poor pilgrim, thro' the world I haste,
 Desponding fancy paints my future years
 In sombre tints; a barren, pathless waste,
 Involv'd in gloom, sad to my sight appears.
 While from such scenes I turn my tearful eyes,
 O lead me, memory, to those vernal bow'rs,
 Where once I stray'd; where 'midst fair-springing flow'rs,
 Unfully'd streams of halcyon pleasure rise.
 Oft on those banks, I took my careless way,
 When blest with youth; or trod the fairy groves
 Where sport the soft desires, the smiling loves;
 Who, led by innocence serenely gay,
 In antic revelry came flutt'ring round,
 And with their rosy wreaths my temples bound.

JOHN JAMES PEAT.

September 19th, 1797.

AND DO I CHANGE?

AND do I change?—my frequent vow
 As fleeting as the fleeting hour!
 And, is the love I boast, e'en now,
 A proof of thy declining pow'r?

MYRTILLA! do not idle deem
 These little questions, which arise
 From one who cannot bear to *seem*,
 What love and truth must ever prize.

But love and truth (the maid will say)
 Convey, full oft, uncertain phrase,
 Words which may flatter and betray;
 Or deck, forsooth, the poet's lays.

They may—But is each valued day
 Of mirth and innocence forgot?
 And many a heart inwoven lay,
 And many a sigh—'remember'd not?'

When constant joy, with sportive smile,
 Chac'd ev'ry sorrow from thy breast;
 Have I, immur'd in woe the while,
 Remain'd unconscious and unblest?

Perhaps the tempest that I felt,
 Might not admit a clear relief:
 A stubborn woe! which, yet *did* melt,
 When her I lov'd was void of grief.

'Twas so. Nor could my steps evade
 The place without a thought to please;
 The couch where pining beauty laid,
 The haunt of sorrow and disease.

No—I have watch'd with ceaseless care,
 The beam of slow-returning joy;
 Nor known, till peace and hope were there,
 One moment charter'd of annoy.

Now that the roseate tint is seen
 On cheeks which pallid sickness knew,
 And now that health of lofty mien,
 Hath grac'd thee with her sweetest hue;

Those cares are fled, but still, for thee,
 Thy lasting trust in years to come;
 Thy life from keener anguish free,
 Thy brighter—thine eternal home.

The muse is heard! and he whose eye
 Pervades where mortal lights recede,
 He, from his everlasting sky,
 Approves the soul-embodied meed!

E'en if I would capricious quit,
 Whom erst on earth I held most dear;
 Her chaste, yet animated wit,
 Her blooming form, her heart sincere,

Would long detain a vagrant mind,
 A mind unshap'd to reason's plan;
 And—shall the soul inform'd, refin'd
 To better views outshame the man?

SHE changes not; but now the same
 As when at first she met my view,
 MYRTILLA owns as quick a flame,
 As quick a flame, and more—as true.

Yes! she must pardon, if awhile
 I talk of moments that are flown;
 The verse may flow, when free from guile,
 It speaks of feelings all my own.

Should others judge my constant strain
 Unworthy of their constant ear;
 Tell them—while honour shall remain,
 Or beauty wake th' intender'd tear,

That I must string my simple lyre,
 To themes which untaught feelings claim;
 That him whom greater themes inspire,
 May justly seek a greater fame.

For me, I could not heedless pass,
 Perhaps, at best this wasted day,
 And see, unmov'd, the hour-spent glass,
 Which crown'd with years my votive lay.

And *two* are past, when at this hour,
 Sweet as the then new-beaming morn,
 I saw the vestal by whose pow'r
 This heart to love and hope was born!

Young candour, from her azure throne,
 Spoke ev'ry bliss of human kind:
 And clear in ev'ry feature shone
 The firmness of a virtuous mind.

Sickness and time may change, indeed,
 BELOVED MAID! that youthful face;
 But, only in that face to read,
 Unchang'd, the soul's maturer grace!

September 26th, 1797.

P. COURTIER.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

NOW, clouds the sky, and steal the silent hours—
 Lone at my casement do I sit, and hear
 The fruit trees rustling to the falling showers,
 Like heaviest sighs commix'd with many a tear.
 Sad are my thoughts, and heavy is my heart!
 Alas! remov'd from all I hold most dear,
 With sicken'd soul at ev'ry gust I start,
 Which strews the leafy glories of the year.
 O, happy home! tho' on thy simple board
 No costly viands glow in burnish'd gold,
 Tho' no gay hirelings do thy walls afford,
 Yet, ah! for me, all joy those walls enfold;
 For round thy cheerful fire such beings meet,
 As make each passing hour, as heav'nly moments sweet.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

LOUISA.

AH, yes! I thought LOUISA true,
 I thought her spirit pure;
 I thought that form enshrin'd a soul,
 That vice could ne'er allure.

I thought if chastity were chaste,
Her heart could never err;
 But, ah! I find, alas! too late,
 Ev'n shame could not deter,
 Could not restrain the lawless flame
 That rag'd within her breast.
 But it is o'er, and DAMON's love
 In silent peace shall rest.
 Yet shall the veil of pity shade
 The crime that virtue mourns;
 The penfive tear bathe sorrow's urn,
 Till virtue's sense returns.

T. HARRAL.

October 4, 1797.

THE SUICIDE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MR. R. DAVENPORT*.

SOON will the blooming spring advance,
 With rosy garlands crown'd,
 While in her train the zephyrs dance,
 And scatter fragrance round.

Soon from every budding spray
 Will the choristers of air,
 Greeting sweet the rising day,
 Warble wild devoid of care.

Spreading round its rich perfume,
 Soon will every opening flower,
 Ting'd with nature's brightest bloom,
 Rise with renovated power.

Adown in every peaceful vale,
 Soon will the shepherd's artless songs
 Melodious float upon the gale,
 While echo, pleas'd, the note prolongs.

* While the *Author* supposes the situation of the Suicide, let it by no means be imagined that the sentiments are his own.

Once, alas ! I too could sing,
 Could bid the tuneful numbers flow !
 But, silent, now, th' extatic string,
 Or only breathes the tale of woe.

The mirthful muse can never dwell
 Where pensive melancholy sways,
 Where, oft, tumultuous passions swell ;
 Where slow-consuming sorrow preys ;

Where not one gleam of hope appears,
 To light with transient ray the gloom ;
 No charm to dissipate my fears ;
 No refuge but—the silent tomb.

Returning spring, in verdure drest,
 Again may animate the plains,
 But in my sad, my aching breast,
 Eternal winter cheerless reigns.

Though nature spreads her choicest store,
 I rove, dejected and forlorn ;
 And oft oblivion's aid implore,
 To shield me from insulting scorn,

Still painful memory portrays
 Past scenes of gay delight to view,
 And fondly lingers o'er the days
 That, wing'd by pleasure, smiling flew.

Phantoms of bliss ! your splendour fades ;
 No more your bright illusions please ;
 Despair my vanquish'd heart invades,
 And furies wild, its empire seize.

What power compels unhappy man
 Still to exist, when peace is fled ;
 To linger out life's sorrowing span,
 When e'en delusive hope is dead ?

Tell me, ye sages ? tell me why
 Must still the wretch oppress'd with grief,
 In silence vent th' heart-rending sigh,
 Nor dare to snatch the wish'd relief ?

In vain ye cry, "With patience stay
Th' appointed hour, by heav'n decreed;
Nor rashly dare to disobey,
For hottest vengeance waits the deed!"

'Tis false. The God whose voice can call
New worlds, new systems into light;
Nor frowns to see a mortal fall;
Nor blames from earth his hasty flight.

Avaunt! ye dull, ye senseless fools,
Whom pedantry and folly guides!
Fly to your philosophic schools,
Where sullen apathy presides.

But, hark! that sound! 'tis Suicide's voice,
That, whisp'ring pleasure to my ear,
Says, "Child of sadness now rejoice,
"Cease to drop the bitter tear.

"Hasten to my friendly arms,
"I call thee to eternal rest;
"Here may'st thou bide, where no alarms,
"No anguish more shall rend thy breast.

"My lenient hand shall heal thy woes,
"Shall close the wounds that misery gave,
"Shall kindly soothe thee to repose;
"Sweet are the slumbers of the grave!

"Accept my aid, nor pausing stand;
"Soon will the parting pang be o'er;
"Already wait the shadowy band,
"To hail thee to their happy shore!"

Blest power I come. I see the throng
Of those who nobly dar'd be free,
In solemn silence glide along,
And beckon with a smile for me!

Shades of the brave—who spurn'd at fate,
Who scorn'd to wear life's galling chain:
I fly from fortune's ruthless hate,
To mingle with your peaceful train!

December, 1794.

WRITTEN AFTER HAVING SEEN A LOVELY,
BUT MISERABLE GIRL.

SLIGHT was her form, and graceful ; as she pass'd,
My eye fell on her, and with quick surprize
Recoil'd, for the fur garments which she wore
Blew torn on the cold wind, and scarcely cloth'd
The beauties they so sullied. O'er her neck
(Sicklied with primrose tint) her jetty locks
Fell rich, but rudely, while her mournful eyes
Beam'd thro' a watry lustre. She was form'd
In nature's kindliness ; and tho' the rose
No longer melted in her cheek, nor shone
With deepen'd brilliance on her lip, yet still
Ten thousand graces deck'd her, and look'd forth
At every feature—thro' her rays there shone
The wreck of better days—alas ! said I,
(While my tears fell, and my looks follow'd her)
Poor loveliness ! these charms which now attract
Passing attention, once, perchance, have grac'd
The social hearth, and o'er domestic joys
Cast a pure splendour. Haply, o'er thy face
Some aged fire hath hung, and weakly deem'd
That heaven had given thee beauty to be great.
And some fond, timid lover, thrilling shrink
From thine eye's virtuous radiance, thinking still,
Himself too poor to be that virtue's meed.
That beauty thus hath sunk thee, thus hath driv'n
Peace, health, and innocence away, and left
The temple of thy God, thy soul so fair,
To be a brothel house for want and vice.
Even while my tears drop o'er the expressive pain
Which thy soft eyes are shooting, my chill'd heart
Shrinks from the wanton step, the asking mien.
O, would to God ! that thou wert once again
Such as thou wert, while yet a spotless child !
Tho' it should be thy fate to beg thy bread,
And steep that hard earn'd bit in bitter tears :
Tho' a poor wretched outcast, thou shouldst still
Hunger all day, and then at night repose

Cold, on some lonely common: tho' no tongue
Should ever on thine ear, or aching heart,
Pour the warm tide of pity—still, O! still,
It would be better far to wander thus,
Than to remain the slave of selfish vice,
The victim of the passions. Ah! thy reign
Hath been but brief; thy wondrous beauty's power
Hath failed perchance, because thy heart retain'd
Strong memory of its virtue, and too oft
Cast clouds o'er thy spent spirits, and denied
The power to deck with mirth the riot scene.
Unhappy girl! a female eye shall shed
Those tears for thee, which ought, in drops of blood,
To fall from thy seducer.—Shame, O, world!
That man, thus privileged to ruin souls,
Shall rove about undaunted; while the wretch
Whom he hath made, must either die unseen,
Or plunge in deeper guilt, and fall for ever.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

TWILIGHT.

HAPPY in thy peaceful hour,
Twilight, lo! I mark my way,
When, forsaking vi'let bow'r,
Fiction-painted elfins stray;
When the soft ascending dews,
From the river's oozy bed,
Coolness, fragrance round diffuse;
Rural wealth, and plenty spread.
From the fiery-tinged east,
Solemn rising, see—the moon!
Low I bow, her idol priest,
And praise serene the pearly boon.
With these dim discover'd hills,
Spreading farther than the sight;
With these sweetly tinkling rills,
Stilly harmonizing night;

With the silent woodland-grey,
 Fading in a depth of shade;
 Beautied with the gift of May,
 And by gentlest zephyrs play'd;
 Now the clouds, in fleecy white,
 Pass along the azure sky,
 Scarcely veiling from my sight,
 Sweetly beaming Hesper's eye.
 Hift! what low melodious sound,
 Issues from yon tangling brake?
 Now breathes gentle peace around—
 Birds to rest yourselves betake:
 Break not thro' the soft repose
 Of this tranquil, silent scene;
 Cooling passions, soothing woes,
 Meditative and serene.
 Rest till silver-footed hours,
 Bring on day, and bring on pain;
 Then with music wake your bow'rs,
 Cheer the labours of the swain.
 I, enraptur'd with this hour,
 Twilight! love thy sober mein;
 Banish mirth, to own thy pow'r,
 And woo the heart-subduing scene.
Temple.

BECKETT.

SONNET.

TO MISS H****.

BELOVED girl! dost thou, too, own the tie,
 The social tie of sympathy's soft pow'r?
 For I have heard that kindred spirits fly,
 And interchange such vows of purest love—
 Unknown to grosser souls!—Yet, ah! the hour
 By fairy fancy form'd, and still enwove
 With rapture's loveliest scenes, flies from the round
 Of fleeting time.—O, would it stay! so blest
 With thee, my gentle love, my soul should rest

On pleasure's softest pillow.—My warm heart,
Thrilling with bliss supreme, should oft impart
Its grateful sense, and soothe, with tend'rst sound,
Thy soul to love. Sweet maid! a thought so dear,
Revives past hope, and checks the falling tear.

October 6, 1797.

T. HARRAL.

FOUR SONNETS.

BY WOODVILLE.

TO MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

O I have seen, mid fancy's gayer hues,
Some sweet secession from the wrongs of time;
And I have form'd, what friendship yet pursues!
Some little nook, in this our parent clime,
Where peace might dwell, and fond affection choose
Her partial band of spirits dear as thine!

Forgive the selfish deed—thus have I thought.
And plann'd such varied hours, where simple rhyme
Should, as we love it, with its pleasing chime,
Give, now and then, a charm to busier scenes.
These were my views, till rude experience taught
Distrust of hope; though hope still intervenes.
But 'tis a hope, whose full enchantment leans
On heav'nly truth; and boasts a birth divine.

TO THE SAME.

SURE 'twas some angel, wrapt in human veil,
Whose sounds, benignant caught my ravish'd ear!
How dwelt her tongue on friendship's soothing tale!
For friendship lost, flow'd not her faintest tear?

Yes; it did flow, as many a lovely fear,
Left thoughts unjust, and slander's ceaseless rail,
Had borne past loves to hatred's timeless bier;
Rose to remembrance. "Ah! how much should fail,
Ere hearts estrange to those they once held near!"

'Twas thus, Maria spoke. Methought that blame,
And blame half merited, came in that speech;
A speech, delightful else ! But, it shall teach
This wayward heart a less inconstant flame !

TO MIRANDA.

AND, when Miranda, each delusion past,
As life's gay sun shall set in even-tide,
Expects her friend—will time's repeated blast
Present that friend, unalter'd, at her side ?
Shall no dark storm the coming day o'ercast ;
And he, protected by th' Unerring Guide,
Be found unhurt, unchanging to the last ?
May not his feeble virtues half-decreed,
His grown infirmities, and pedant-pride,
Have lost her better thoughts ? Yet, come they not.
There are too many things that would divide,
And *can*, our firmest hopes ! I know not what,
But something whispers, that, to earth allied,
I soon may claim than life a narrower spot.

TO THE SAME.

THINK not I sigh then, ever-beauteous fair !
Thy kind intent ; or that, insensate grown
To what once charm'd, I deem that charm as air.
Full many a wan'd moon past, and I have known
Miranda's worth, and known it still the same !
And peerless on, through virtue's lengthen'd age,
If years are her's, shall live her changeless fame :
Untouch'd by vice, and all the tyrant rage,
Which plotting baseness silvers for the head
Of unsuspicious truth. And seems it nought,
To meet such favour from so pure a breast ?
It is a prize which wealth had never bought !
Such I do hold it—and death's noteless bed,
Then erst, less grateful. But I sigh for rest.

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EVENING MEDITATIONS.

—TIME moves on !

Already summer with a liberal hand
Flings to the gale her tresses rose-entwin'd,
And gives the breeze, cool as the tears of chastity :
'Tis now the hour when meditation walks,
And conscience lifts his still, but awful voice—
The moon shines on me, and the closing flow'rs
More balmy than in noon-day, spend their souls,
Their spicy souls, in prayer to *him* above.—
Can *I* gaze on earth, on sky, thus lovely,
And with thoughts vacant or vain, move onward ?
No, ye stars !

Ye silent myriad, that with steady light
Burn in the vast cerulean ! ye blest worlds !
(For all are blest that own the care of God) !
Ye peopled planets ! and ye countless suns !—
And thou, O moon ! whose mild unshaded eye
Seems searching to my heart—I feel there is
But one *great, good Eternal !* Lo ! my soul
Sublimely thrilling, as my ardent lips
Breathe out his name, attests that he alone
Woke it to being, and dispenses now
The sorrow, that with heavy weight o'erhangs
My sadden'd heart :—Father ! I feel thy hand,
Thy chastening hand laid on me, but I bow
Myself before thee, humbled ; and convinced,
That *thou* canst only tell what is not good,
I stop the sigh. O teach me to controul
The weak, weak tear, to drown all earthly pains
In the pure bliss of paradise. O come !
Ye heavenly visions, for whose sight my soul
Thirsts greedily. O come ! and lead each thought
To views of future joy. Hail ! sacred scenes !
I see the deathless seats, the beaming thrones,
Where all the just that were, that are, or shall
In future ages bless their Maker's love,
Shall, when time is no more, receive their meed.
O, happy hour ! already to their harps

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I hear their voices sounding, and with peals
 Of praise sublime, lauding the living God!
 And now to softer melody attun'd,
 Some favor'd saint, his single lyre and lays,
 Warbleth, and in such strains that steal the tears
 From heavenly eyes, sings of our Saviour's love—
 O! to sounds like these, thus sweet, thus awful,
 Thus enchaining thought, no man e'er listen'd;
 For they speak the death, the suffering moments
 Of the Lord of Life—Christ upon the cross,
 Expiring for our sins, and their remission;
 Christ! our *God*, our *Saviour*, our *Redeemer*!
 O! blest names! wakeners of piety,
 Of faith and hope; Saviour! Lord! by which
 Shall I address thee? wandering here,
 Alone, but thoughtful, for thy mercies great;
 Heart-struck, I kneel before thee, and implore
 Such grace as may, thro' life's uncertain road,
 Direct my feet aright; so shall I die
 Firm in the faith, of seeing *thee* and *God*!

ANN.

LINES TO A FRIEND,

WHOSE VERSES ARE ALWAYS MELANCHOLY.

WHY mourns thy muse, in strains unknown to joy?
 Why always brooding o'er some secret grief?
 Thy ardent mind its texture may destroy,
 And throwing madnefs be thy last relief.
 Hath life no charms to soothe thy sicken'd fight?
 The world no gay attire to court thy view?
 What if the present prospect be not bright,
 Others endure the clouds that shadow you.
 Hath friendship lur'd thee, with insidious guise?
 Profess'd a flame, reciprocal and strong?
 The phantom fading, should it thee surprise,
 For who retains the wav'ring flatt'rer long?

Hath love attun'd thy strains to mournful song?
Of wrongs, and flights, and pride, no more complain;
Select some modest maiden from the throng,
And treat the *triflers* with a just disdain.

I too, could tell of absent love, of woe;
Could weep with thee, thro' ev'ry plaintive line;
But reason bids me stem the torrent-flow
Of wild reflection, and of sad repine.

Then, like a trav'ler, take what life supplies.—
Some cooling springs, some fruits may fresh the way,
Which, rude and rugged, leads to kinder skies,
Where *home* shall smile in everlasting day.

G. W.

AN ELEGY

On the Decease of a young Lady, addressed to her Mother.

WHAT, though the sun's exhilarating beams,
O'er boundless nature pour effulgence round;
What though with rosied flowers each garden teems,
And vernal warblings from the groves resound;

On thee, fond mother, clos'd in sorrow's shade,
No pleasure lightens with benignant eyes,
While on that couch of languishment is laid
Thine eyes' delight—made mortal for the skies.

There, green in years, to varied pains a prey,
Ere yet her fancy drew the trait of ill;
Ere yet her charms full blooming, spread to day,
She bows obsequious to th' Almighty will!

'Twas yours, with fond felicity to view
The opening beauties of her infant mind;
'Twas yours, to give her tender soul the clue,
That leads to pleasures of the noblest kind.

But, ah! her vivid glow of health is fled;
Her morning skies are clad with deepest woe;
Once towering high—she now declines her head,
Like the rest tree o'ercharg'd with driving snow.

M 2

Her sparkling eyes are now bedim'd by pain;
Faint is the cadence of her silver speech;
Continued throes her gracile system strain,
And pity's cordial strings, impiercing, reach.

Her nerves relax'd, her pristine vigour gone,
A shadow of a shade she glides away!
Her pomp of graces, whither is it flown?
Ah, where the music of her modest lay?

Thy looks maternal, thy incessant sighs,
Thine ardent prayers, alas!—are all in vain:
Terrific death dissolves all human ties,
Inly he laughs, exulting at our pain.

With throbs of love thy beating heart shall heave,
And mourn her form, irrevocably gone;
Congenial bosoms at thy tale shall grieve,
And in the softest strains thy state bemoan.

Long shall she live in thy creative eye,
Fair as the painted children of the spring;
Long shalt thou hear her last ejected sigh,
Wasted by FANCY's undulating wing.

Warm'd by a love that mothers only share,
Which nature planted in the human breast,
Long shall thy mind renew its wonted care,
At morn's sweet prime, or eve's descending rest.

Sweet, lovely babe! (the mother oft shall say)
How have I clasp'd thee in my yielding arms!
How often eyed thee in thy childish play
On velvet meads, where wanton summer charms?

Oft have I lull'd thy wearied powers asleep,
Gaz'd on thy features with enraptur'd eyes!
And must I *now* for thee unceasing weep?—
Must haggard grief thy mother's love chastise?

Say! has the grave for ever clos'd my view
From thee, expressive semblance of thy fire!
Strong o'er thy form life's gather'd tempests blew,
And quench'd the lustre of thy rising fire.

Yes ! loose-zon'd spring, that tints the hawthorn bush,
 Decks with indulgent hand th' extended mead,
 No more thy cheeks with crimson hue shall flush,
 Or view thy form where chrystal waters spread :
 Imagination, ever fond and vain,
 The source of joy, the fount of bitter woe,
 Had rank'd thy form in pleasure's blue-ey'd train,
 Had crown'd with love thy smooth infantine brow.
 But thou art faded.—Once, endearing child !
 No more shalt thou impart the dulcet kiss !
 But hush complaint—stern Providence is mild:
 For virtue's children, lo ! “ the crown of blifs.”

ST. JOHN.

RECENT THOUGHTS.

AND as I view the grateful blaze of joy,
 And hear the shout victorious—tell me, why
 Should not my loyal heart participate ?
 And as I see the laurel wreath of fame,
 And titled wealth, bless DUNCAN'S welcome name,
 Proud of my country's valour, grow elate ?
 Ah ! while my heart would praise the battle won,
 And grow, how proud, recounting what is done,
 Unsleeping pity, heedful of distress,
 Sees the mute widow look her tale of woe ;
 Lost to that joy she must not hope to know !
 Here dwells my musing heart : and I cou'd bless
 The hour she was not thus. Then fancy eyes
 The shiver'd limb—and corse that mangled lies.
 —Brave seamen, lost ! for whom no trophies rise !
 Doom'd to oblivion and the restless wave :—
 Save what the transient voice of joy may prize,
 And sighing pity build upon your grave !

Temple.

SONNET TO ELIZA.

OH! I have listen'd to the midnight wind!
 Have heard it roar, have heard the beating rain
 Fall, in rude torrents, on my humble roof:
 And, I have heard—what, to the feeling mind
 Pierces far deeper than the body's pain,—
 The taunt of friends:—But the free spirit spurns
 Each slavish act. Well!—let them keep aloof;
 A sense of conscious virtue cheers my heart,
 Which, unappal'd, can view the roughest turns
 Of fate.—Oh! my ELIZA, to impart
 What now I feel, exceeds the stretch of sense:
 Proudly exulting in the thought, that hence,
 Far from this world of woe, with thee to stray,
 Life's evening, mild, may soothe the sorrows of its day.

November 17, 1797.

T. HARRAL,

DOMESTIC PEACE.

LOVELY maid, of brow serene,
 Sweet of accent, mild of mien,
 Lightly stepping o'er the lawn,
 Rising with the early dawn;
 Whence those looks divinely fair?
 Whence that placid, gentle air?
 Those eyes that beam a lucid ray,
 In which the loves and graces play?
 Art thou of this nether sphere?
 Can thy footsteps loiter here?
 Art thou not of heavenly mould?
 May thy residence be told?
 " Mine origin divine confess;
 " And yet below content to rest,
 " With mortals who desire to share
 " The blessings of my fostering care.
 " From various ills which here destroy
 " The opening buds of promis'd joy,
 " My soothing power shall shelter life—
 " From the dire storms of home-bred strife.

" DOMESTIC HAPPINESS my name,
 " This Eden found, and thence I came:
 " In man to calm, when, woe-opprest,
 " His drooping spirit pants for rest;
 " The balm of sympathy to give,
 " And bid his fainting hopes revive.
 " Ye, who native pleasures prize,
 " Come with me from life's disguise;
 " Leave th' illusive masquerade,
 " For the happy, rural shade.
 " True, no exotics lure the taste,
 " But pleasant, wholesome fruits that last, }
 " Uninjur'd by the stormy blast—
 " A constant feast, because enjoy'd
 " By temp'rate appetite, uncloy'd.
 " Affection reigns in beams resplendent;
 " Complacence meek, her sweet attendant,
 " Leads on the courtesies that strive,
 " By various charities, to give
 " The fairest and sincerest joy,
 " The most unmixt with base alloy.
 " Delights unting'd by folly's dye,
 " Which for deluded man prepares the sigh;
 " Perhaps the tear—when, fading from the view,
 " Perfidious fancy, hastening from the shew,
 " Leaves disappointment, regent, to preside;
 " And new-born care, to vanity allied, }
 " Thro' this drear waste his hapless steps to guide." }
 October 10, 1797. JULIA.

A NIGHT STORM.

LET this rough fragment lend its mossy seat,
 Let contemplation hail this lone retreat;
 Come, meek-ey'd goddess, through the midnight gloom,
 Born of the silent awe which robes the tomb,
 This gothic front, this antiquated pile,
 The bleak wind scowling through each mazy aisle;
 Its high grey towers, faint peeping through the shade,
 Shall hail thy presence, consecrated maid!
 Whether, beneath some vaulted abbey's dome,
 Where ev'ry footstep sounds in every tomb;

Where superstition from the marble stone
 Gives ev'ry sound a pilgrim spirit's groan,
 Pensive, thou readest by the moon's full glare,
 The sculptur'd children of affection's tear;
 Or, in the lone church-yard thou sitt'st to weep
 O'er some sad wreck, beneath the turfy heap;
 Perchance some victim to seduction's spell!
 Who yielded, wept, and then neglected fell.

But hither come, on yon swol'n arch to gaze,
 And view the vivid flash, eruptive blaze;
 Light those high walls with transitory gleam,
 Illume the air, and sparkle in the stream.
 Ah! look where yonder tempest-shaken cloud,
 Awful and black as the chaotian shroud,
 Breaks, like the waves which lash the sandy shore,
 And speaks its mission in a feeble roar:

Thus meditation hears—"Aspiring height
 "Of old, the splendid mansions of the great;
 "Thy fate (tremendous) lours upon the blast,
 "And waits to write on thy remains, 'tis past.—
 "Oft hath the geni of the hoary blade,
 "Around thy walls his hell-born dæmons led;
 "Yet hast thou triumph'd o'er the monster's car,
 "And brav'd the ills of pestilential war:
 "Oft hast thou seen the 'circling seasons roll
 "In fond succession, round thy native pole;
 "Defy'd the hoary matron of the ring,
 "And seen her sicken in the lap of spring:—
 "But ah! no more thy time-clad head shall rise
 "To dare the tempest, whilst it shakes the skies;
 "Nor one small wreck invade the fair concave,
 "Nor shoot above its crumbling basis, save,
 "When rising zephyr from thy ruin brings
 "A world of atoms on its fairy wings—"

Din, horrible; as though the rebel train
 Had sprung from chaos, fought, and fall'n again,
 Raves the high bolt; how yon old structure fell;
 How every cranny trembled with the yell
 Of frightened owls, whose secret haunts forlorn,
 Were from their kindred vaults and windings torn,
 Of bold antiquity's rough pencil born.
 Thrice fancy leads the dismal echo round,
 And paints the spectre, gliding o'er the ground;

From ev'ry turret, ev'ry vanquish'd tower,
 In heaps confus'd, the broken fragments pour;
 And as they plunge toward the pebbly grave
 Like wizard's wand, draw circles in the wave:
 Meand'ring stream! thy liquid jaws extend,
 Apoint with Lethe, now thy fallen friend.—
 Again the heralds of the thunder fly,
 In forky squadrons, from the tremb'ling sky;
 Again the thunder its harsh menace swells,
 And light-wing'd echoes hail the humbled cells.—
 Weep, weep, ye clouds! with heav'n-bespangled tears;
 And ah! if pity rules your sacred spheres,
 Invoke the thunder to withstay its rage;
 Disarm its fury, and its wrath assuage:
 But now Aurora, from the ocean's verge,
 Trims her grey lamp, to light the mournful dirge;
 She comes, to light the ruined heap,
 But lights, to wake the pensive soul to weep.

JOSEPHUS, AGED 13.

NIGHT.

BEHIND yon verdant hills the sun declines,
 And hides his glories in the western main:
 And now the silvery ray of Cynthia shines,
 To guide the wearied peasant o'er the plain.

The lark's blythe notes, as she ascends on high,
 On the charm'd ear no longer now resound;
 A thousand glittering stars adorn the sky:
 And a deep silence reigns o'er all around.

The hoary shepherd drives his fleecy sheep
 Beneath the ruins of yon mantled tower;
 Where, with their guardian, undisturb'd they sleep,
 Encircled by the woodbine's sylvan flower.

Soft echo mocks the distant convent bell,
 Which chimes with solemn notes the midnight hour;
 The hollow caves the dying sounds expel,
 And silence once again resumes her power.

The murm'ring streamlet rolls its limpid tide,
And gently winds along the flowery dale,
And stealing 'mid the verdant turf with pride,
Waters the blossoms which perfume the vale.

O! I could watch the moon's expiring ray,
While hush'd in slumber busy mortals lie,
Till the shrill cock should hail th' approach of day,
And morn, with rosy fingers, ope the sky.

Manchester.

COGNOSCE.

A STRENGTH WITHIN.

INTREPID virtue dauntless smiles,
Tho' compass'd round by worldly toils,
With heav'nly piercing eye;
Whether in fortune's paths she treads,
Or dives in scenes where sorrow spreads,
Her veil of ebony dye.

She, smiling power, looks all serene,
When dark afflictions intervene
To hide hope's cheerful light;
Her eye pervades misfortune's storm,
And sees in life's delusive form
A Providence aright.

With pliant knee, she owns *his* power
That whirls the sun, appoints the shower,
In countless drops to fall;
God's voice in deep distress she hears,
Nor can an hostile frame of fears
Her fortitude appal.

Not the fell chains which tyrants forge,
The licitor's rod, the furrowing scourge,
Can crush her vig'rous power;
Superior to the shocks of time,
She springs aloft, and spreads sublime,
An amaranthine flower.

There her small pinnace batter'd sore,
Shall anchor on that placid shore,

Where billows never boom ;
 Secur'd in harbour there she'll rest,
 Where pirate-evils ne'er molest,
 But joys for ever bloom.

ST. JOHN.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

DREAD tyrant of the slavish soul,
 Round whom cimmerican shadows roll,
 And wrap in gloom the drear expanse,
 I see thine iron car advance ;
 Dim, through the cloudy veil, appears
 An horrent form, whose eye-balls glare
 With livid flames, unquench'd by pity's tears :
 O! by thine aspect stern, thy sullen air,
 The flowing terrors of thy sable hair ;
 Thou superstition art confess'd,
 In awful traits thy fear-wrought power exprefs'd.

Attendant at thy side, is seen
 A fell inchantress, monster-brooding spleen ;
 Who waving slow her ebon wand,
 From Tart'rus, calls a phantom band
 Of gorgon forms,—“ chimera's dire ;”
 Cloth'd in sulphureous fire, they rise,
 And to fulfil thy dreadful ire,
 Infuriate each, round shudd'ring fancy flies ;
 Who seeks, unhappy nymph, in vain,
 To 'scape the tortures of the hell-born train,
 And rends the air with madd'ning shrieks and cries.

Where bloom fair Tempe's favor'd bow'rs,
 Or Latian plains their charms disclose,
 Once, rapture-fraught, the light-wing'd hours,
 In bright procession o'er them rose :
 The graces then, and sportive loves,
 Oft meeting in the muses' groves,

Would give their time to sportive pleasures;
 Sometimes the vine and myrtle wreathing,
 Or Lydian airs symphonious breathing,
 Or dancing light to airy measures.
 But from thine haggard eye,
 Aghast! they starting fly.
 Averse to view thy dreadful deeds,
 To happier climes they speed their way,
 Where spect'ring shapes ne'er fright the tranquil meads,
 Nor morbid vapours cloud the azure day.

But see, where truth, celestial fair,
 Swift gliding thro' the lurid air,
 With cloud-dispelling beams, invades
 Those depths where reason gleams in shades,
 And bids the soul exulting fly,
 Beyond the vast cerulean sky,
 Where, to her wond'ring sight, is shewn
 Th' eternal-fix'd, empyreal throne,
 (There glories inexpressive glow,)
 Whence seas of bliss exhaustless flow,
 With swelling waves, thro' boundless space,
 Nor limits own of time and place.
 O! tyrant of the slavish soul,
 Round whom cimmerican shadows roll;
 Say, who can turn their timid gaze,
 To where, amid the sapphire blaze,
 Abides the dread supernal pow'r,
 Who, at creation's natal hour,
 To order call'd chaotic strife,
 And wak'd unnumber'd forms to life;
 Yet not thy baffled rage defy,
 And scorn the terrors of thine eye!

Nov. 14.

JOHN JAMES PEAT.

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TWO SONNETS.

TO MYRTILLA.

MY mind doth brood such fearfulness of woe,
And my heart cankers with a gall so deep,
That these dull eyes refuse with tears to flow:
Yet, dimning soon, like those of children weep.
And now, foreboding, I would urge to know
Those many storms which yet, unbidden, sleep;
Waiting fit time to thwart me as I go.
Such are my dreary hours. I think on thee,
On thee, Myrtilla!—but the wretched thought,
That I, who would not be defect in aught
To thy best health, may make thy misery,
O'erwhelms my soul; and I can think no more.
Sure we may hope, this track of tempest o'er,
To meet, and live on some less chequer'd shore!

MILD, lovely woman—still most prone to love
My humblest tribute; nor with frowns reprove
The saddest fancy of my various day:
Wilt thou, again, forgive my random song
Of sharp repinement? It did not belong
To thee; for thou art goodness: and the lay
Was for m'd of grief, engender'd by misdeed.
E'en now I grieve. I grieve, that I could wrong
Thy gentle nature with upbraidings strange;
As though thou wert the author of my change!
Ah! could I follow where thy virtues lead,
Felicity, by me—of thought less pure,
Untasted yet, would zest my peaceful meed,
And point, Myrtilla, where those joys endure!

P. COURTIER.

THE LONELY HOUR.

THE night is dark, the wind is loud,
The rain in heavy torrents falls;
On many a fitful blast are bowed
The trees, that shade these ivied walls.

This lonely hour, this lonely scene ;
A scene so happy once, and dear !
Recalls too strongly what has been,
And steals my bitter, widow'd tear.

O, Charles ! while o'er thy sleeping child,
With streaming eyes I sadly bend ;
I see thro' all her feature's mild,
Thy spirit, fire, and sweetness blend.

I watch her slumbering smiles, which seem
As prompted by thy angel shade ;
And tho' uncheck'd my eyes will stream,
No selfish griefs my heart invade.

I feel that thou, in realms on high,
Look'st kindly on thy Anna here ;
And see'st thy early laurels fly
Like trophies, o'er thy youthful bier.

I only weep that she is left
To a young, yielding mother's care ;
Who of her tend'rest guardian rest,
But ill can guide her darling care.

Who, forc'd in rank and pomp to live,
When cottag'd comfort claims her wish ;
Finds state, no one enjoyment give,
Thro' all its varied boasts of bliss.

Ah ! yes it does ; one gentle breast
Where royal virtues softly beat ;
One heart, by love and friendship blest,
Still makes my bitter potion sweet.

Lov'd, honour'd Frederica ! hear
The truths these simple lays disclose ;
O ! view my fond, my grateful tear,
And take the tear, for pure it flows.

ANN.

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TO ANN.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

O THOU, who pour'st a sweeter strain,
 Than her who charms the soul of night!
 Alas, that sorrow's gloomy train,
 Should rudely harm thy gentle sprite.

Yet cease to weep, and cease to fear—
 Though fainted now in realms above,
 The youth, for whom thou shed'st the tear,
 Shall guard thee still with fondest love;

Shall see, with glad, approving eyes,
 Where, o'er his early, glorious grave,
 Fann'd by a grateful nation's sighs,
 The cypress and the laurel wave.

Spirits of tenderness and truth,
 Shall hover round thy infant care;
 Protect from ill; adorn her youth,
 With mind and form, like thine most fair.

Nor thou from pomp's gay scenes, unblest,
 Shrink back by holy fears alarm'd:
 In vain those toys assail the breast,
 Lov'd by the muse, by virtue arm'd!

ODE TO LAURA.

WHERE is the summer foliage fled,
 That wav'd around my youthful head,
 The roses sweet, the cowslips pale,
 That down yon sloping dell,
 And grassy vale,
 In rich luxuriance lov'd to dwell?
 Ah! where is now the lonely Philomel,
 Who, in yon deep copse, pour'd out her pensive lay
 On eve's last breeze,
 And wrapt in tufted trees,
 Sang her sad song far from the eye of day?

And where are now the painted blooms,
The blossom'd wreaths, the wild perfumes,
The spicy fragrance of yon leafless bower?
Alas! all gone, and now with mournful sighs,
Each tree, each shrub, confesses autumn's power,
And, all deserted, meet my weeping eyes!
Unhappy heart! is this the scene,
Is this the dear adored grove,
Where fondly circled in the arms of love,
Beneath this shade, amid these alleys green,
I once was wont to rove?

Stream on my tears! in sad assent stream on,
For ah! too sadly, does this alter'd shade,
Pourtray the havoc ruthless time has made
In thee, and in thy bliss so long, long gone:
For he, who from yon naked bush,
Once pluck'd the infant-rose's blush,
Who from yon lone, deserted bower,
(Where now alone the night-frosts gleam)
Once cull'd the fairest-bosom'd flower,
And thought it Love's high heaven to deck,
With the sweet off'ring, Laura's neck.—
O! wild, remember'd dream!—
Hence from this maddening brain, this beating heart,
For thou art fled, and with thee every joy,
That ever could this guiltless breast employ.

O Ernest, Ernest! where is now thy oath!
Thy sealing kiss, thy plighted troth?
Where all that endless source of fondest love,
Which once, could to this little form impart
That magic charm,
That soul-seducing grace,
Which late, thy only valued breast could warm,
And give me in thy hallow'd heart a place!
Where are they gone?
Gone to the wild, wild waves,
And wilder winds! And now, with many a groan,
Amid these scenes, still sacred to our bliss,

Thy poor unhappy Laura vainly raves,
And weeps o'er spots she once could fondly kiss;
Yes, conscious shades, among your walks I'll stray,
And wash with tears your path, and sigh my soul away.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

TO A FRIEND

WHO REPROACHES ME WITH MELANCHOLY.

TO me the budding scenes decay,
Which glow'd in fancy's brightest hue;
And hope's gay Spring, and youthful May,
Ere rapture ken'd, in haste withdrew.

I saw their quick, unheeding flight,
And would, if prayers could aught avail,
Have snatch'd them from encircling night,
And bid the sun of peace prevail.

Friendship was mine: and friends more warm,
The feeling bosom never knew,
Till in misfortune's pelting storm,
The glow-worm glisten'd from my view.

Then love appear'd, a rosy boy,
With many a festal year entwined:
But love could promise to decoy;
And wreck in sport, the pensive mind.

Yet vain regret, I do not count
Among the number of my woes:
The sweets of pleasure's fairy mount,
The joy which no abatement knows.

Nature herself must wane and die,
And soaring genius stoop to dust!
'Twere impious then, to waite the sigh,
At once repining and unjust.

The griefs I mourn, entrench too deep,
Within the foldings of the breast,
For aught but death's unvaried sleep,
To give this heaving spirit rest.

CONTENT.

IN some lone hamlet it were better far
To live, unknown, amid Contentment's isle,
Than court the bauble of an air-blown star,
Or barter honour for a prince's smile.

Hail, tranquil-brow'd Content, soft sylvan God,
Who lov'st to sit beside some cottage fire,
Where the brown presence of the blazing clod,
Regales the aspect of the aged fire.

There, when the Winter's children, bleak and cold,
Are through December's gloomy regions led;
The church-yard tale of sheeted ghost is told,
While fix'd attention dares not turn his head.

Or, if the tale of ghost, or pigmy spright,
Is stript, by theme more cheerful, of its power;
The Song employs the early dim of night,
Till village Curfew counts a later hour.

And oft the welcome neighbour loves to stop,
To tell the market news, to laugh, and sing,
O'er the lov'd circ'ling jug, whose old brown top,
Is wet with kisses from the florid ring.

There, whil'st the cricket chirps its chimney song,
Within some crumb'ling chink, with moss embrown'd;
The lighted stick diverts the infant throng,
And fans are wav'd, and ribbands twirl'd around.

Entwine for me the wreath of rural mirth,
And blast the murm'ring fiend, from chaos sent;
Then, while the house-dog snores upon the hearth,
I'll sit, and hail thy sacred name, Content!

JOSEPHUS.

TO A FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

WHY should my friend, dejected, stray,
Alone, thro' dark unwholesome glades;
Why shun the cheerful light of day,
Immur'd in thick, recessive shades:

While round thee splenic fiends advance;
 And fancy's ever mimic art
 Pourtrays, in sickening tints, the glance,
 The scornful glance, that pains the heart?

Then leave the dark embowering haunts,
 Where grief a fullen despot reigns;
 And court the scene where pleasure flaunts,
 A festive maiden, o'er the plains.

Think how inglorious 'tis to lie
 Supine in thought, 'mid fragrant bow'rs;
 To mark the streamlet gurgling by,
 And listless gaze on op'ning flow'rs.

Tho' balmy odours, soft may flow,
 Which wanton zephyrs round them fling,
 And nature's kindling graces glow,
 In all the pride of new-born Spring,

No healing joys pervade thy breast;
 Still woe impedes thy fadden'd eyes,
 Dives far from thee abhorrent rest,
 And wafts away thy soul in sighs!

Yes unmatu'r'd, each virtue droops,
 That once adorn'd life's vernal morn;
 Depress'd, thy gen'rous spirit stoops
 Beneath relentless Myra's scorn.

Disdain the smiling tyrant's sway,
 Let noble aims thy bosom fire;
 Arise! nor sink an hapless prey
 To fruitless aims and vain desire!

Heav'n still may give a kinder fair;
 Let her thy raptur'd thoughts employ—
 To gild the passing cloud of care,
 And wing thy fleeting hours with joy!

For yielding beauty's lambent blaze,
 Sheds thro' the troubled soul delight;
 Mild, as when Luna's silvery rays
 Dispel the sitting shades of night,

JOHN JAMES PEAT.

TWO SONNETS.

BY T. HARRAL.

POOR, luckless wretch ! for me the star of hope,
 That with false lustre shone, now sinks in night :
 Its feeble beams no more illumine the morn
 Of future time. To give sad sorrow scope,
 Is all I now can do.—Yes ! I was born
 To feel its keenest pangs. My aching sight
 Shall never more behold the maid to whom
 My earliest vows were pledg'd,—for she is dead !
 Infelate as the marble of her tomb,
 Is all that once was lovely, kind, and true.
 Oh ! as wild fancy pictures to my view,
 Scenes of past joys, that long, long since have fled,
 I strive to grasp the visionary gleam—
 In vain ! for death, alone, can realize the dream.

ON

THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTH-DAY.

I CANNOT hail with joy, this clouded morn ;
 For, like my wayward fate, a heavy gloom
 Involves its opening hours. The fading bloom
 Of youth, now withers on my cheek. Forlorn,
 And comfortless, my three-and-twentieth year
 Presents no soothing pleasures to my soul.
 Alas ! for me, no gleams of hope appear ;
 But o'er my head dark months of sorrow roll
 In dull, successive round. My spirit sinks
 When I survey the anguish past. Methinks
 The miseries I've felt might well atone
 For sins, out-numb'ring far my years. Alone
 I stray. No gentle sharer of my grief,
 Cheers my sad heart, or yields my soul relief.

November 18, 1797.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1797.

AS yet fair peace declines our proffer'd vow;
Nor hears the widow's pray'r, the orphan's cry:
But strife, still rankling, knits his sullen brow,
And broods new tempests for this nether sky.

Europe be calm: and view thy ravag'd soil;
Thy soil untemper'd, or manur'd with blood;
Where war, half-fated with his frantic toil,
Laves his dried sinews in the human-flood.

Ask, why this contest; when, wild war outspent,
Would woo the comforts of restoring peace?
Why groaning myriads, yet on carnage bent,
Those myriads—MEN, should wish no kind release?

Is it for freedom, and in freedom's cause,
The battle rages? Once, in time long past,
This might have been; but freedom's awful laws,
Her trumpet rais'd, ne'er blew destruction's blast.

But faint repoise has spread her misty veil
O'er half Europa's late conflicting shores;
No longer floats the banner to the gale,
And joy is heard, save where the sage deploras.

The sage, who, lifting his untrammel'd sight,
Beyond the tardy intercourse of years,
Beholds, unmov'd, that unaverted night,
Which lives, though stifled, in the weak man's fears.

Deserted ALBION! it is thine to brave
The loud defiance of a wayward state:
The GAUL reviles thee, while himself a slave,
And proudly arrogates the bolt of fate.

Yes, they are gone, divided from thy aid,
Who sought thy friendship, and disarm'd the foe.
Yet, as thou art, forsaken and betray'd,
And sunk in all the lethargy of woe;

Spirit is thine, if haply thou canst rake
One spark amid the ashes of thy fires!
Thou yet art great, if yet thy soul can make
One modern glory of their deathless fires,

O! in this gloomy—but momentous hour,
 Think that a Hampden, that a Sydney died,
 Not in base union with INVADING POWER;
 But to maintain their country's dearest pride!

Begone those petty cares, those fretful aims,
 Which sink Britannia in a party-strife;
 Britons! 'tis BRITAIN your affection claims;
 She lives unconquer'd, or despises life.

P. COURTIER.

SONNET TO WILHELMINE.

BY MR. R. A. DAVENPORT.

LADY, though never hath the chance been mine,
 Far from my native isle, with vagrant feet,
 To trace the wild tower-crested shores of Rhine;
 Where bloom thy charms pre-eminently sweet;
 Yet thee with no cold friendship do I greet:
 But glad, with Frederic, throne thee in my heart,
 And hear him oft, love-taught, thy praise repeat.
 O since by him so dearly lov'd thou art,
 In thee, I claim a brother's tender part,
 And fondly deem thee passing good and fair,
 And pray that thou mayst never feel the smart
 Of pining grief, or succourless despair.
 O still be thine, illum'd by fortune's ray,
 To think too short the longest summer-day.

ERRATA.

For "Mr. R. Davenport," read "Mr. R. A. Davenport."



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